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The BYSTANDER

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GERMANY—*continued.*

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SWITZERLAND—*continued.*

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Montreux.—**Montreux Palace Hotel.**—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rms. face lake. Mod. comf. Golf. Ten. L'ge Pk. Gar. Beach.

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Schiller: Jungfrau von Orleans
Kleist: Kathchen von Heilbronn

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The Bystander, July 24, 1934

No. 1597. Vol. CXXIII.

The BYSTANDER

Tunbridge

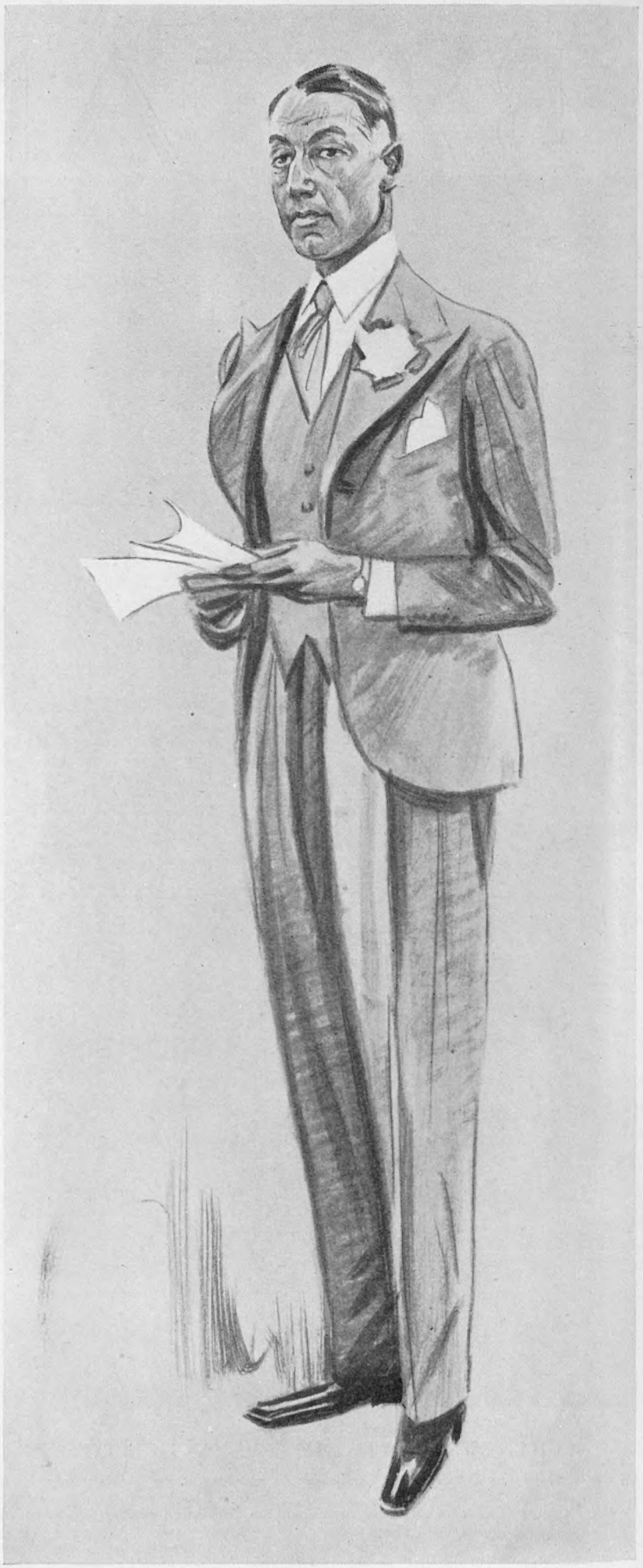
PRINCESS NATALIE PALEY IN "THE PRIVATE LIFE OF DON JUAN"

Princess Natalie Paley is Russian, a granddaughter of the late Czar, lovely to look at, extremely intelligent, and well-read, and a brilliant linguist—she speaks English, French and Spanish, as well as Russian. That she is now living over here instead of in Paris, and working in an English film-studio instead of starring in French films, is another of London's debts to Alexander Korda. She is a personal friend of his, greatly admires his work, and was ambitious to film under his directorship. In "The Private Life of Don Juan," she is one of the beautiful women who have been chosen as Don Juan's mistresses. The film will have its English première in a few weeks, and will be the first film shown at the transformed London Pavilion. It is also to have a Broadway première which is likely to be one of the biggest of the year

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 60. Sir Philip Sassoon

Potted by Charles Gay
Caricatured by Sirra



No doubt about it. There is a great deal of steel beneath the Persian velvet glove worn metaphorically by Sir Philip (Albert Gustav David) Sassoon. His voice can purr its "r's," but the keen ear can detect a latent rasp. I've had some. Years ago, Fred Astaire and I played golf at Trent, and in a moment of gaiety I commented publicly on the flamingoes guarding the second green of the private golf-course there. You'd be surprised. I don't think we spoke for two years. Which is a reminder of Sir Philip's assurance that the story of his having three hundred and sixty-five house flags for Trent Park (one for each day in the year) is quite apocryphal. As also is the tale of his having told his butler not long ago to pull down one flag and to substitute another, because it clashed with the sunset. And yet the Under-Secretary of State for Air has a sensitive eye for colour—proved by his being a Trustee of the Wallace Collection, the Tate Gallery, and the National Gallery, not to mention the British School of Rome. By the bye, his favourite artist (for the home) is Vermeer, while he thinks that Pietro della Francesco is the ideal painter for a museum. At 25, Park Lane he has any number of masterpieces, but he lends his house so generously and so often to charities that he never really knows what is going on there. It may be the Prisoners' Discharged Aid Society's annual meeting, or an exhibition of china for the Royal Northern Hospital. ("But why not? The house is far too big for one person. I never say no to a charity if I can help it.")

Sir Philip at least has the physical and moral courage of his convictions. He got his Wings with the Air Force when the Conservatives were out of power, and commanded 601 before Nigel Norman took over. And when tiresome old women remark hopefully: "I'm sure you don't remember me, Sir Philip?" he replies promptly: "You are quite right."

He likes architecture, American golf professionals, and the act of travelling ("That's why flying is so delightful—you see so much more clearly if you see quickly"). He flies every week. He is massaged every day. He plays squash, golf, and lawn tennis. He rides and swims.

Oriental, cynical, and, when need be, inimical, Sir Philip's greatest gift is for keeping secrets. Perhaps that is why he does not marry, for fear he would lose it. It is certainly one of the reasons why the late Lord Haig chose him to be his private secretary throughout the last campaign.

Matrimony

Three Weddings and An Engagement

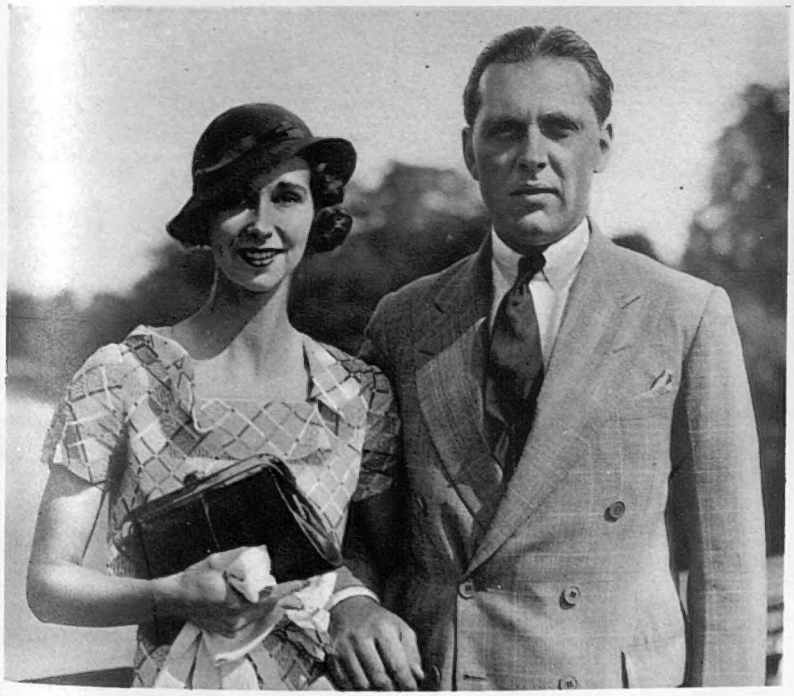
Mr. George Christian and Miss Joy Loder

Mr. George Christian, only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Christian, of Midlington, Droxford, Hants, and Miss Joy Loder, only daughter of the late Mr. Basil Loder and Mrs. Loder, leaving St. Saviour's, Walton Street, after their wedding there last week

Lord Bridport, His Wife and His Sister

The Hon. Mrs. Baker (left) seeing her brother, Lord Bridport, and his wife off for their honeymoon in Iceland, by the Arandora Star boat-train. Lady Bridport was Miss Pamela Baker, and is the daughter of Mr. Charles Baker, and sister of Mr. David Baker, who married Lord Bridport's sister

Right : Mr. Luke Lillingston, Master of the North Atherstone, and Lady Harrington, Master of the Earl of Harrington's, were married at Caxton Hall Register Office. Lady Harrington's first husband, the Earl of Harrington, was killed out hunting in 1929. Her son, the present Earl, is twelve

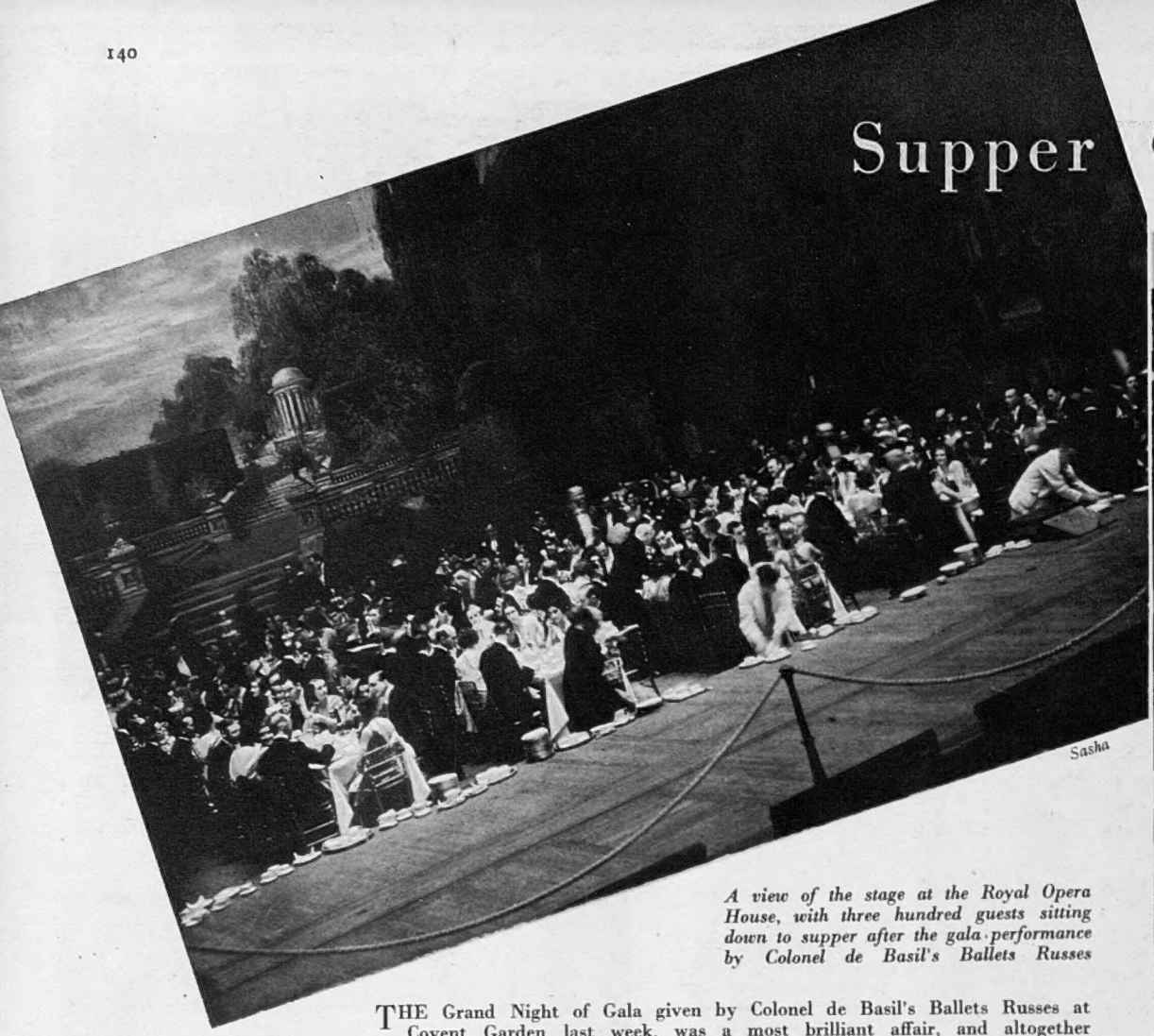


Miss Margery Cooke and Mr. Raymond Quilter

Miss Margery Cooke, the daughter of Mr. Douglas Cooke, M.P. for South Hammersmith, is engaged to Mr. Raymond Quilter, son of Sir Cuthbert Quilter, Bart, and the Hon. Lady Quilter, of Bawdsey Manor, Suffolk. Mr. Quilter, who used to be in the Grenadier Guards, is now a parachute expert and has given many demonstrations of the delayed drop

Mr. Luke Lillingston and the Countess of Harrington

Supper on the



A view of the stage at the Royal Opera House, with three hundred guests sitting down to supper after the gala performance by Colonel de Basil's Ballets Russes

THE Grand Night of Gala given by Colonel de Basil's Ballets Russes at Covent Garden last week, was a most brilliant affair, and altogether worthy of the tradition of pre-war glories. The theatre was garlanded with roses, and the audience with tiaras, medals and decorations. "The curious and arresting ballets and diversions" on the programme of this celebration ("such as has not delighted the eyes of the public since the Great War") were *Les Sylphides*, *Les Présages*, *Prince Igor*, and the first revival this year of that old favourite, *La Boutique Fantasque*. And to conclude, there was supper on the stage afterwards, and more "songs, dances, and other diversions" by the Company

Lady Moira Lyttelton talking to Count de Raben in the interval. The house was packed from floor to ceiling and the enthusiasm even greater than usual

Above: the Hon. Mrs. Bobby Jenkinson and Captain Evelyn Fanshawe were two of the supper guests

Right: Mr. Ivor Bryce talking to Lady Veronica Hornby in the crowded foyer during the interval

Stage

A Grand Night of Gala at Covent Garden

Left : Mr. Sol Hurok, of Radio City, New York, Mme. de Basil, wife of the founder and general director, M. Philioff, and M. Lividins

Above : Lady Bonham Carter and Mr. Anthony Asquith, an opera and ballet "fan," preparing to smoke

Left : Mrs. Carl Bendix and Miss Baring were two more of the three hundred or so who stayed to supper

Below : Alexandra Danilova was at supper on the stage after the performance with M. Lidji, the famous international lawyer, Captain and Mrs. Noble, and Mr. John Noble

Sasha

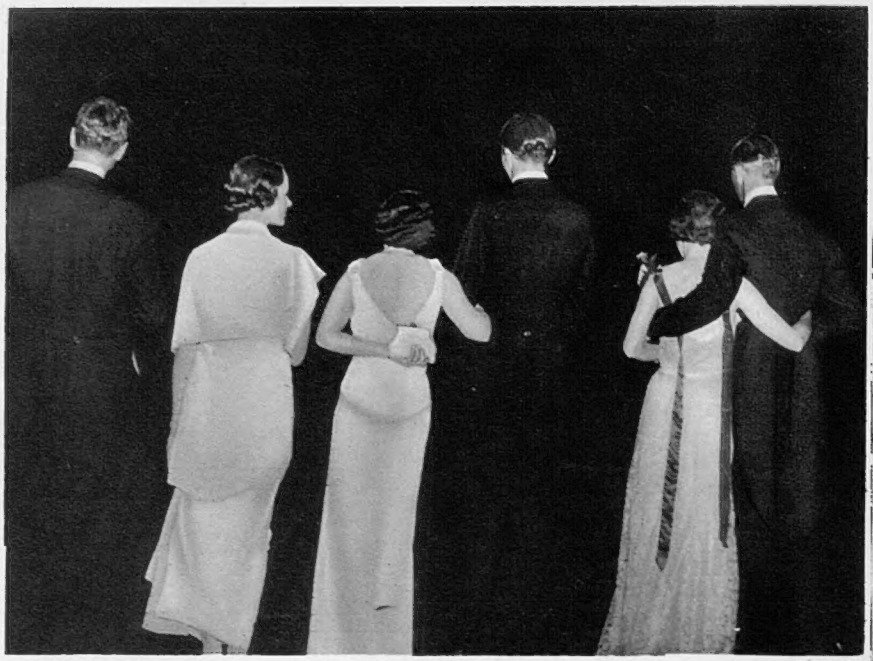
Left : Mme. Kurtz and Efrem Kurtz, who shares with Antal Doranti the conducting for the Ballets Russes

Below, right : Mrs. Gilmour, talking ballet talk with Mrs. Michael Hornby and her twin sister, Lady Stavordale

Below : the Marchese and Marchesa Malacrida and Lady Kemball-Cook, who is a Russian and was Cecile Olenitch

After Lord's

The Eton and Harrow Ball at Hurlingham



Firework-Watchers Taken Unawares

The fireworks at midnight are a classic of the Eton and Harrow Ball on the Friday night of Lord's, and so are the fairy lights in the gardens, nowadays reinforced with floodlights. The night was hardly hot enough—it hardly ever is—for the gardens, but the outdoor dance-floor was popular

Above: Mr. G. S. Stevenson and Miss Daphne Henderson sitting in the deserted supper-room

Left: Miss Pam Wickham, Miss Prunella Higgins, Miss Averil Loyd, three attractive débutantes, squired by Mr. Peter Hambro and Mr. Henry Forbes

Three Débutantes and Two Squires

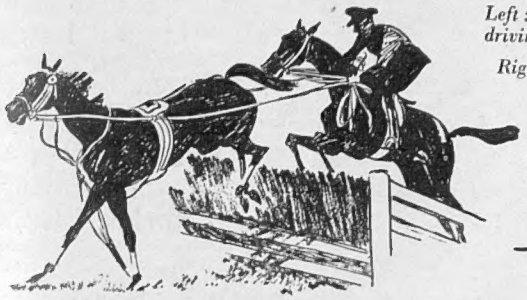
Above: Mr. Charles Harding, Miss Gwynneth Butler, Mr. W. Heinemann, Mr. Charles Parry, Miss Oriel Johnstone, and Lady Patricia Mackay made a group in the refreshment marquee

Left: Mrs. Denis Russell Roberts, Mr. Ivor Reeves, Mrs. Denis Russell, Mr. Denis Russell Roberts, Miss Jane Hickling

Photographs by Swaebe

The Metropolitan Police Horse Show and Tournament at Imber Court

Sketches by Rouson

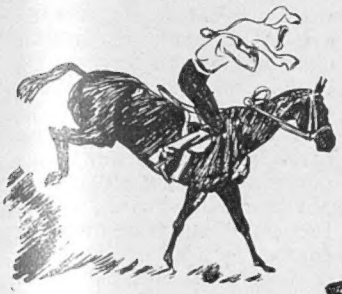


Left: the activity drive: driving two horses over fences

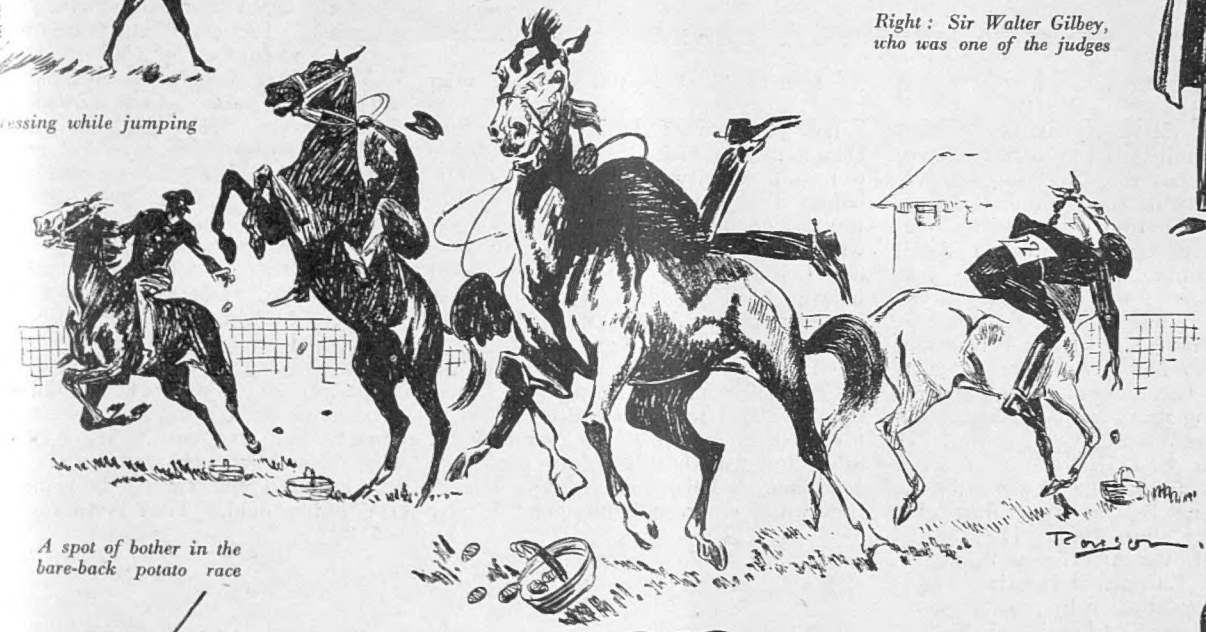
Right: jumping without saddle or bridle

Assistant Commissioner Lt.-Colonel P. R. Laurie

Right: Sir Walter Gilbey, who was one of the judges



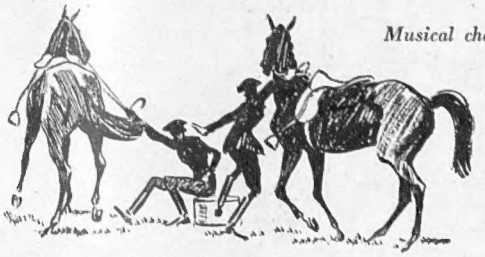
Undressing while jumping



A spot of bother in the bare-back potato race

Tent-pegging

Major de Chair, Chief Constable, was a competitor

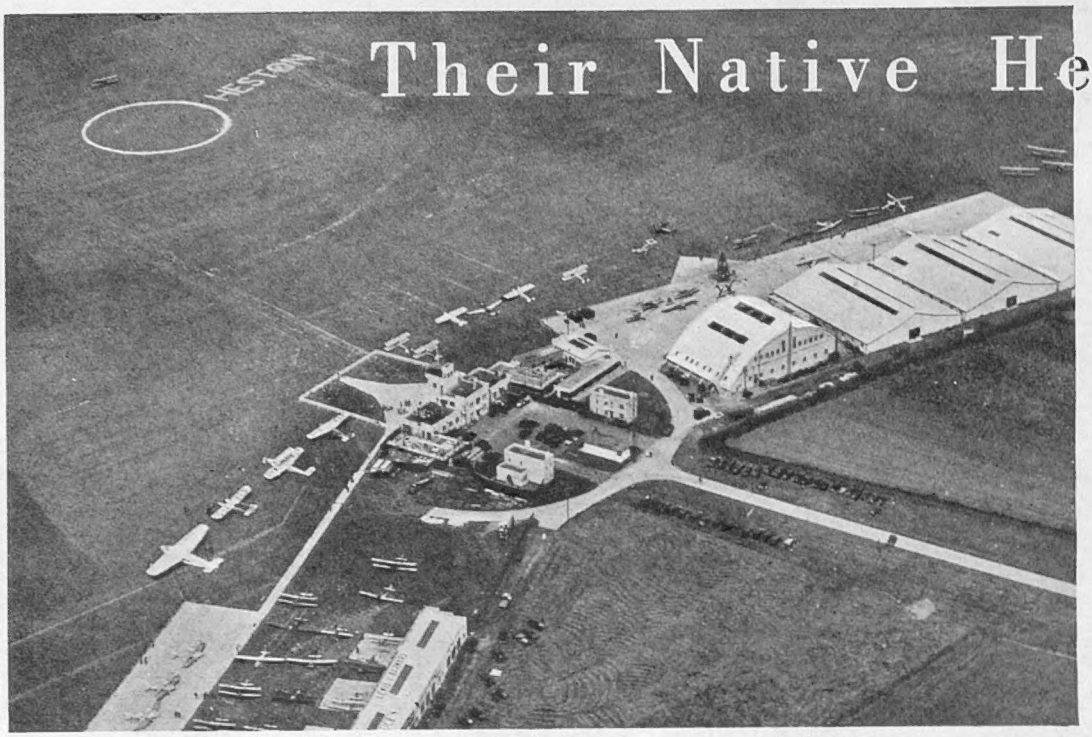


Musical chairs

The lemon-cutting contest

Sergeant - Instructor King, crack-rider of the Mounted Police

Lord Trenchard spending a day with his very large family



Their Native Heath . . .

Popular Rendezvous and Their Patrons

No. 4.

HESTON

By Charles Graves

TURN right-handed off the Great West Road, beside the Ace of Spades, follow a narrow, winding route for a mile, and a series of low, yellow, Continental-looking stucco buildings, with fifty or sixty shining motor-cars parked in front, lie before you. As you drive up, half-a-dozen small aeroplanes buzz like horse-flies just over the roofs. You have arrived at Heston, the one-hundred-and-twenty-thousand-pound child of Nigel Norman, the man who has done more for civil aviation in this country than anyone else, including stunt trans-Atlantic pilots and members of the Government. I should think that if Nigel ever went into politics (which he never will) he would become Secretary of State for Air in a very short time. He has flown all over America and Africa and Europe. He is called into consultation by most of the Local Authorities when schemes for municipal airports are on foot.

Tall, lean, hook-nosed, sunburnt and good-looking, he refuses to keep a personal log-book of his flying. "After all," he will say, "you don't keep a log-book of your motor-car, so why should you of your aeroplane?" It was Nigel Norman who led the 601 outfit at the Hendon Air Pageant the other day, when the unfortunate Collet was burnt to death. One of Nigel's mannerisms is always to arrive in his "kite" just after dark, whatever lighting-up time may be. He seems almost deliberately unpunctual, although he flies everywhere. He has a wife and children, all of whom use aeroplanes to get to their destination. The youngest child, at the age of six months, went by air to the Isle of Wight because it was too young to go by train, according to its father. That is the kind of man Nigel is.

His partners at Heston are Roddy Denman and Alan Muntz. All three were at Trinity College, Cambridge, before the war. Then there is Val Baker, chief instructor, and a real wizard of the air. You should have heard him giving the stick to Lord Lloyd, Lord Londonderry and other former pupils of his while he was teaching them. In the case of Lord Londonderry, the latter received the first part of his instruction from the Royal Air Force, but they had to be so polite to him in his official capacity as Secretary of State for Air that he could not learn anything. "This, Sir, is the joy-stick," they would say respectfully; or "Kindly observe this knob." Nobody can learn like that. So he went to Val Baker, a blue-eyed Welshman who has an extraordinary gift for inspiring confidence in his pupils. He will give them the rough edge of his tongue. He will also carefully whistle down the mouthpiece to show that he is not worried when he allows the pupil to take over the controls.

Val Baker taught Amy Mollison to fly at Stag Lane. He is now teaching the complacent Mr. Filson Young, who is broadcasting his experiences in learning to fly at the B.B.C. I suspect that Filson Young will be less pleased with himself than he was before he took up flying. Baker is a very tough nut. Even Lord Lloyd, that dynamic, masterful chap, had to "take it and like it."

There is also Richard Allcock, the air superintendent, who comes from India and is known as "Poona." Nor must one forget Maxwell, the old soldier who acts as traffic officer—spectacled, smart, and observant. He has to be. The other day there were no fewer than six hundred and twenty movements on the flying field. That is to say, there

Above: Captain Baker, Captain Birkett, Lord Londonderry, and his daughter, Lady Mairie Stewart, Lady Jean Rankin, Lady Louise Montagu

were three hundred and ten landings and a similar number of take-offs. This, in a ten-hour day, means that some aeroplane or other is either coming down or going up every fifty seconds. Up in the control tower he wields what looks like an enormous Press camera, and not until he has focussed it on the pilot who is about to take off can the latter do so.

In the first five minutes, when I was there last week, three aeroplanes went up and half a dozen came down. One of them contained Lady Mairie Stewart, the thirteen-year-old daughter of Lord Londonderry. She has no nerves at all, and is perfectly fit to go solo already. Unfortunately for her, the latest Air Ministry regulations prevent her doing so for another few years. The lovely Lady Haddington was also having a lesson. She is an experienced flier, but lives most of the year in Scotland. Twice a year she comes South and polishes up at Heston. Lady Margaret Stewart takes flying very seriously, and so does her sister Helen, who did her first solo the day I was there. Among the other women regulars are Lady Kathleen Rollo, who got her certificate four years ago. She is a very fine horsewoman and a good pilot too. There is also Mrs. Spencer Cleaver, whose father is Minister of Finance in Ulster. She learnt to fly after ten hours, shipped her machine to New York, and flew straight off to Hollywood by herself—a dashed good show. Incidentally, she has a son of twenty-four.

Among the men, the crack pilots are Birkett, Brian Lewis and Whitney Straight, though it is high time the last-named cut his hair. Francis Francis, who married Sunny Jarman, is pretty good, too, with his big American amphibian. Will Rhodes-Moorhouse, the son of the first Air V.C., is another good 'un. He learnt to fly while at Eton, and "his mother came, too." Not so long ago he was left a quarter of a million, if you remember. Loel Guinness is another outstanding pilot. He has been doing it for a long time, and is a member of 601. Sir Alfred Beit—well, we all know him at St. Moritz and elsewhere—he, too, flies about a bit. Captain Prior-Palmer is always either going to Manchester or coming back to play polo. Lord Apsley does a lot of flying in a particularly gaudy orange-and-blue machine.

Other beginners whom I have left out include Count Manfred Czernin, who now calls himself Beckett; Lady Louise Montagu, who is going to be quite good, Madame Sanchez, who is very pretty, Lady Drummond Hay, who, for some reason, calls herself Lethbridge, Sir Stewart Richardson, an Australian (I did not realise that Australians had titles), and Mr. Fawcett, the brother of the lost explorer, who is sixty-eight years old and who has taken up flying so as to reach the rarefied air on the top of his beloved Alps which he can no longer climb.

In a different category are people like Cord, the American millionaire, who owns Cord Cars, Alban Cars, and American Airways. Cord is a great bull of himself, and a very bad golfer. He has come over to live at Walton Heath to dodge what he calls the snatch-racket in the United States. Then there is Arthur Guinness, who has a private air liner which cost eleven thousand pounds and has hunting scenes on the dark green leather interior. It is a seven-seater. I had almost forgotten young Gordon Selfridge and Pops d'Erlanger, that handsome but sulky-looking boy. He is a very fine pilot indeed. The BYSTANDER being a family journal, I will not describe in detail the special device in the back seat of Gordon Selfridge's machine.

What one likes about Heston is that there are no kiwis. A kiwi, as you all know, talks a lot and doesn't fly, and is the American name for its human counterpart. Another thing you notice is that there are no tough guys who go up deliberately in bad weather for the sake of showing off. No, Heston, which five years ago was a cabbage patch and market garden, is run by people who fly for people who fly. There are no side-shows. Stunt pilots are not encouraged. There are one or two good stories to be told about that.

In a very short time, probably for this reason, Heston will have more traffic even than Croydon. Already it houses the machines of eighty private owners, a larger number than any other airport in England. It has an attractive little dormy house, with eight bed-sitting rooms with shower baths and trousers-presses, and so on, for people who have just flown in from some distance away and/or who are departing at dawn next morning. There are club premises inside the airport which include the essential bar, but the rest of the place is open to all, with a drink licence and other desirable attributes. So the next time you have nothing to do in the afternoon it is worth a visit.

Below, right to left: Richard Allcock, Nigel Norman, Roddy Denman, Alan Muntz, and Maxwell, the ex-soldier traffic officer

Sketches by André Glee

The Ashes—and the 'Varsities

By "Finger-Spin"

As exhibitions of the promise of young amateur cricketers, both the University match and the Eton and Harrow match were a shade disappointing, though, to be sure, they were infinitely more enjoyable to watch than the closing stages of the Test Match at Old Trafford, about which rather more nonsense was talked than usual. The Australians, it is clear, are confining their energy and their talent to making sure at all costs of not losing another game before they reach the Oval. Had England won at Old Trafford, or should they do so at Leeds, so becoming one match up, then the Australians will have only four days granted them at the Oval to draw level, which, even then, is not good enough for them, as England would keep the Ashes, which Jardine won on the last trip to Australia. Should they, however, be able to start the limitless match at the Oval with each side having won one game, the Australians have it in their collective heads that they can win the Ashes.

That is the general idea; but it is a little difficult to account for their supreme confidence in being able to win a match which is played to a finish. After all, we have been successful in such conditions on the two last tours to Australia, and Chapman led our side to victory at the Oval in 1926. Moreover, there is nothing to suggest that the Australian team is better equipped for a marathon match than a well-chosen English side would be. Certainly they have an outstanding bowler in O'Reilly, who, used in discreet spells, could be a match-winning factor, but, apart from Grimmett, they have got to produce someone else who can keep an end going in an innings which can be expected to continue from one day into another. Where they do claim an advantage is in their knowledge of the suitable and convenient rate of scoring of their batsmen. It is a common error to believe that because a match is to be played to a finish the batsmen must therefore concentrate simply and entirely upon staying in, regardless of how many runs they score. There are runs to be made in big numbers and at a quick rate in these matches, for there must be occasions when the bowling and fielding falter under the strain of a long day or a long partnership. The Australians have so often shown us this in the past, and it is in such matters of generalship that the presence of D. R. Jardine would be so immensely valuable. The game at Old Trafford never could have come to an end, even if Australia had been forced to follow on, but for all that it was a shade tantalising to see their tail-end batsmen playing away so quietly with no one able to hit O'Reilly's middle stump out of the ground.

At Lord's on the last day of the University match there was just a faint flicker of a hope that the match might be finished, but young amateurs are as quick at closing up the game when they scent the smallest sign of danger as are their more experienced and older brethren. Each side batted for a day, and at the end of the second day each was able to say to the other that they had placed themselves in a position of comparative security, rather than that they had any particular chance of winning. Then, on the third day, in my humble opinion, and in that of some explosive Oxonians, Oxford made a fatal mistake. To be sure, they were only fifteen runs ahead on the first innings, and they were a little frightened when they lost two of their second-innings wickets quickly. But that was the time to attack, rather than by playing a negative game to husband their small advantage. They ran a grave risk by playing so gingerly of losing runs and wickets, and what was much more important, giving Cambridge time in which to have a good look round without bustling themselves. Had Oxford gone for the Cambridge bowling, even if some of them got out quickly—which, in point of fact, they did do in any case—they would at least have had some more runs on the board, and the Cambridge captain would have had both time and score-board to fight against. As it was, Oxford only just avoided putting themselves in a very awkward situation, and the most partisan of supporters would have had to admit that they would have got no more than they deserved had they lost the game.

This is certainly not meant as an unkind criticism of University players who, one knows, were doing their very utmost, but as a general reflection upon one of the many aspects of the game of cricket which occur to anyone who has played and seen much of it. Such a situation as that at Lord's happens over and over again, and it is only seldom that the captain of the batting side realises it. When he does, he shows himself to be a master of his craft. However, it all worked out very well, because neither side deserved to win, and there was just that moment at about half-past five when Cambridge hopes were high enough for a commotion to arise in the neighbourhood of the Tavern. Human, as keen and cheerful a captain as ever led Cambridge, came in himself for criticism of the handling of his bowling when Oxford wickets were wanted so badly. But he believed in a particular combination of bowlers, and it is terribly hard to gamble on a change when you feel a wicket is due to fall at any moment.

Eton v. Harrow

Major and Mrs. M. G. P. Magill and their son, M. D. P. Magill, the star Eton fielder, who made two excellent catches and bowled G. C. Hargrove in the first Harrow innings at Lord's this year

J. H. Pawle, the Harrow captain, talking to Mr. N. J. Harrison and Miss Radcliffe. His brilliant second innings score of 93, not out, and his gallant decision to declare (thereby sacrificing his century), with a lead of 107, and 50 minutes to go, were history-making events

BY APPOINTMENT

~On His Majesty's Service~

D

Whitbread & Co., Ltd Gilbert Cleveland

Good Fun, Good Fellowship and Good Fare.

June and Peter Haddon enjoying supper and the cabaret at Ciros.

The Passing Picture Show

Two Tracys and the Telephone

By Sydney Tremayne

Left: Spencer Tracy as a telephone man and Constance Cummings as his typist love in "Looking for Trouble," a melodrama in which Jack Oakie completes the triangle

"I'll Tell the World"

More Ruritanian plots and counter-plots, with Gloria Stuart as the Princess and Lee Tracy as a newspaper-man (again) who, in the same breath, wins the Princess for himself, and a news-scoop that turns his reporter rival green with envy. "I'll Tell the World" was at the Capitol last week

"Looking for Trouble"

It is said that film "fans" and even critics confuse them—Lee Tracy and Spencer Tracy. It seems impossible. They are genealogically and histrionically unrelated. Spencer Tracy, dark, rather Semitic in appearance, slow of movement and speech, deliberate and, I believe, a fine character actor. His performance in *20,000 Years in Sing Sing* was memorable. Lee Tracy, fair, volatile, almost the fastest speaker in the cinema rota and constantly cast as a newspaper-man. They are both featured in new films, and the telephone plays a leading part.

In *I'll Tell the World*, Lee Tracy, a little subdued since his Mexican misfortunes, is a reporter on the track of a story concerning the restoration of a European monarchy. Roger Pryor plays the part of his rival in the pursuit of stop press stuff, and Gloria Stuart is the Princess, brought up in America, and suddenly involved in political intrigues and forced to return to her country as Queen and to marry her cousin, Prince Michael. Stories of this sort become sillier and sillier and are more and more realistically treated. The Princess and the reporter meet in Vichy and fall in love. The newspapermen prevent one another from getting what scraps of the story they procure to their papers by tearing telephones down: humour is provided by the laborious and lengthy mending of the apparatus. The prospective bridegroom is murdered. There is a plot to assassinate the Princess, and an illusion of danger and drama is effected. But good photography and cutting and efficient acting are really wasted on a story which is basically so idiotic.

"Looking for Trouble" is more reasonable. Spencer Tracy and Jack Oakie are telephone men, "buddies," and most excellently contrasted. Joe Graham (Spencer Tracy) is in love with Ethel, a typist, played by Constance Cummings. He is jealous of Dan and instrumental in getting him dismissed from the telephone company. Ethel, although she loves Joe, is exasperated by his suspicions and jealousy, and goes to work for Dan, ignorant of the fact that he is one of a gang of crooks who are tapping the wires of a big stockbroker and forestalling his speculations. They hear that a large consignment of negotiable bonds are to be delivered to the bank next door, and arrange to steal them. Meanwhile, Joe and Dan, in their official capacity as telephone repairers, have discovered the plot. Dan is found shot, with a cheque made out to Ethel in his hand, and she is accused of the murder. Joe traces a girl called Pearl, who was a friend of Dan's. She is killed in an earthquake, but before dying confesses that she killed Dan because he "double-crossed" her, and the cheque should have been made out to her for her share in their nefarious deals. Quite frankly melodrama, but redeemed from nonsensity by the acting of Spencer Tracy, Jack Oakie, and Constance Cummings. It is time all three had a "break" in a really good picture.

In *I've Got Your Number*, more talent is wasted. Joan Blondell, whose appearance and technique improve with every picture she makes, is the principal. She is a telephone girl. Pat O'Brien is the hero, and one gathers that he is a potential star: personable but not an Adonis. Eugene Palette has a good acting part, but little opportunity to exploit the humour which his adiposity infers.

"Merry Wives of Reno" tells its story in the title, only they are not really very merry. Margaret Lindsay begins to justify the faith that has been put in her. She acts well in this film. Its intention is comical, and Guy Kibbee in the chief part, once more henpecked by Ruth Donnelly, keeps the film on a high level in spite of a paucity of material. Glenda Farrell might succeed Lilyan Tashman in brusque blonde parts, but has not quite the chic with which Tashman imbued this sort of rôle. She is vivid without being vital.

Revivals

Two of the best films made in the last five years are being shown at the Curzon: *Trouble in Paradise*, in which Kay Francis and Herbert Marshall became stars under the brilliant direction of Lubitsch, and *Blue Angel*, the picture which made Marlene Dietrich a Hollywood star, and in which Jannings gave one of his most impressive performances. Those of us who saw and remember these outstanding pictures will be glad of an opportunity to renew our enthusiasm, and anyone who missed the original presentations will be well advised to avail themselves of this opportunity.

E

Those Public Dinners . . .

By Mirón

THE lions gave trouble that hot July afternoon in the Colosseum. The Gala Performance, like all galas since, was an hour behind schedule. The last martyr refused to be eaten. In vain the stage director sent on lion after lion—to each the martyr whispered some magic words, at which it became utterly crest-fallen, slinking away with an unhappy air. Finally, the Emperor sent for the martyr. "Just what," he asked, "have you been saying to my lions?" "*You will be expected to say a few words after the Dinner to-night . . .*"

The Public Dinner is still with us, with all its attendant suffering. Already dates are booked into 1935, and few of us can escape, though we may be quite successful in denying ourselves the pleasures of concerts, charity balls, private views, and matinées. There are even persons so depraved as to go from Dinner to Dinner, taking a sadistic pleasure in the dejection or defiant gaiety of the speakers as they ignore the microphone in front of them, hoping that by some cataclysm of nature their turn may never come. This sport is highly developed among women—I know a (bearded) lady who goes to all dinners, and no one will ever persuade me she does not thereby derive some secret satisfaction. Add to all this that husbands and wives have to sit together at many such functions and the Dinner is seen to be Society's Penance. A public penance, prepared months, sometimes a year in advance by the chairman, his "stewards" and the dinner-secretary (one of the unrecognised workers of the world). Nice points have to be decided—whether to give an inexpensive meal, the guests "wining" themselves (a depressing method), or going "full out" at the Guildhall, Mansion House, one of the old halls in the City, the Savoy or Grosvenor. The maximum cost with champagne, and cigars like field-marshals' bâtons, is thirty-five shillings per head. . . . Then there is the fearful problem of the seating-plan, which may wreck the function and start life-time feuds. It is subject to change up to an hour before . . .

THOSE speakers! Those speeches . . . They work while the guests doze over their smokes in a silence that is more anæsthetic than polite. Not all speakers find it an ordeal—for many the pain is relieved by the perfume of publicity. The Pleasures of Showing Off are not sensibly diminished by the presence of (hungry) reporters behind a screen. But there are no sure-fire after-dinner speakers—it is a rare art and the stars are variable. However, everyone would elect Lord Moynihan as first of all dinner orators, one of the few whose speech will bear cold print. Some of the best, like Winston Churchill, can disappoint, while the most moving speech this year was from film star Miss Madeleine Carroll (at a hospital dinner)—one who had not spoken on such an occasion before. The wittiest speech I have heard (enhanced by a rather solemn and diffident manner) was that of Viscount Erleigh, K.C. No one speaks quite as unpleasantly as Ambassador

Below, left to right: Mr. A. A. Milne, Sir Patrick Hastings, Sir Philip Sassoon, Sir Josiah Stamp, Lord Moynihan, Lord Riddell, Lady Astor, and Lady Titchfield

Harvey spoke, or with such charm as Lord Balfour, who once " won all hearts " by confessing that he had quite forgotten what he was going to say. Lord Riddell is very effective, though an ordeal for anyone without a sense of humour. Lord Derby is a perfect chairman, but likes his stock joke—about his size.

Sir Philip Sassoon deserves high praise : he is crisp and to the point. Sir Henry Betterton is most sympathetic on his own subject, which happens to be the most important of all subjects. Oliver Stanley is strongly fancied in some quarters. Sir Josiah Stamp is our fastest speaker and they have to double the reporting staff when he speaks, so that as one shorthand-man collapses, and is withdrawn, another takes his place. Lord Beatty is very trenchant. A. A. Milne speaks as he writes. Lord Reading I have not heard. Sir John Simon, stung by knowledge of the widespread belief in his intellectual coldness, can develop a wit and a warmth that surprises. Lord Esher is among the best of the modern type of speaker who, like Sir Patrick Hastings, is playfully facetious, debunking the pomp of the occasion and dissolving his audience in laughter (as I have so often seen Sir Patrick do) so that for the first time they are glad they came.

Women speakers can be excellent, the four best being Lady Galway, Mrs. Walter Runciman, Lady Astor, and Lady Titchfield, in that order . . .

OF coming orators among the younger men, I like best Lord Dufferin, the bright shadow of future vice-royalty already upon him : he has much charm and an unconscious style that gives some of us quite a turn, so like to " F. E.'s " is it.

Randolph Junior has yet to prove himself Randolph II. ; a too vehement manner may yet acquire control. Lord Feversham is earnest, James Laver witty, George Grossmith, alone of all the stage, is grand. But, in all speeches, matter seems more important than manner, and the more irrelevant a speech the greater the fun. . . .

NO more orgies seem possible in this age, partly because the drink is less lavish than when large private cellars were drawn on to supplement the caterer's contract.

It is some years since I saw a perfectly well-spoken mayoress carried from the mayoral banquet waving her seating-plan and crying " Jolly nice-sh ! " Even when dining in livery the potions are modest—at Goldsmiths' Hall I sadly inspected a thimbleful of the most marvellous brandy, so volatile it vanished as I watched it. Aldermen, I am told, are become very abstemious, though turtle still figures on the menus, while the Lord Mayor's doctor becomes his trainer, watching anxiously over his Lordship's marathon of 266 dinners. How the Lord Mayor finds new speeches to deliver nightly no one knows—I have asked him, but he could not tell me . . .

THE Toastmaster, that tyrant of the feast, and usually the most distinguished-looking man present, has worn a red coat ever since the late Mr. Knight Smith once laid forcible hands on a guest rising to speak, holding him down until it was explained that this was one of the speakers. That high table is a flagrant irritation to those lesser beings below the salt, seated at side wings or smaller tables where, if there be no deputy host, the air can be distinctly chilly or irresponsibly noisy. The high-table guests, seated in Abraham's Bosom, as it were, are on their best behaviour, their gaze passing loftily over the meaner guests before them and fixing hopefully on the door marked " Exit."

Dinners make strange table-fellows of us all and it is with curiosity born of despair that, having arrived at 7.35 (being asked at 7 for 7.30), we search the table-plan for an explanation of our freakish neighbours. The company is unavoidably mixed when, as recently happened, the dinner secretary sent out 30,000 invitations in the form of a large card with imposing names and in the smallest type, " This card does not admit." The larger the card the less it admits . . .

ESCAPE it ever—for, as the cigars die down, and the later speakers relate at great length how they had been particularly asked by the chairman not to speak at great length, wise guests near the door creep out with the most innocent air, like the players in Haydn's Surprise Symphony, stealing out one by one, while the Dinner becomes beautifully less. The cool breeze of the Embankment blows away those fumes and the memory of platitudes innumerable. We arrive at the Embassy Club and, sinking down at a table, utter weakly to pitying friends who press champagne, " . . . been to one of Those Dinners . . ."

An August Bride

Miss Susan Corbett

Susan Corbett is the elder daughter of Mr. Geoffrey C. Corbett, D.S.O., of Rossferry, Enniskillen, and Mrs. Corbett. She is engaged to Mr. Edward John Sutton Ward, Royal Horse Guards, the elder son of Major the Hon. Sir John Ward, K.C.V.O., and the Hon. Lady Ward, of Dudley House, Park Lane. They are having a country wedding, and are being married on August 2nd at St. Mary's, Chilton, Hungerford. Miss Corbett came out last year, and was judged by the connoisseurs to be the loveliest of the 1933 débutantes; she has a perfect skin and attractive colouring, as well as good features and figure

Photographs by Speaight

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

Can it be that modern education is not really whizzing along at the speed which is claimed for it?

Bitter Hours in Aberdeen

WE sent one of our happy little Syndicate, our sporting representative, the Very Rev. Obadiah Mucklethwackit, last week to Aberdeen to report on the state of trade in that ancient city. Dr. Mucklethwackit has a sad tale to report. It appears that a few years ago Aberdeen, discarding her stern sobriquet of "the Granite City," assumed the more attractive nom-de-guerre (tut, tut, how the French will keep on breaking through!) of "the Silver City by the Sea," and shrewdly set out to collar the tourist trade of Scotland. The Blackpool of the North prospered immensely. Merry-go-rounds sprang up where only "shepherds with long twisty sticks" had been before. Scenic railways buzzed with activity. Even ... local lawyers, or advocates, ... they call themselves (by the ...ay, with a singular sense of the proprieties, most of Aber...een's lawyers live in a place ...alled Golden Square), were ...casionally seen to smile. And then, last year, that fiendish Loch Ness Monster made its disastrous appearance, and Inverness-shire began to reap some of the harvest. By superhuman efforts the Monster was safely discredited, and Aberdeen began to breathe again, when suddenly, only a few days ago, out the damned thing came once more. "Knobbly, looking like a flock of brown swans, with a ten-foot neck, triple-humped, with a fin or mane, and moving at fifty miles an hour," it has dealt Aberdeen a staggering blow in the pooch, and that is just where Aberdeen, like the rest of us, actively resents the reception of staggering blows! No wonder Inverness-shire is going to build a £45,000 new school. It is for the children of tourists who have vowed an oath to stay there till they 've seen the Monster.

Progress

IN an age of compulsory education when even stock-brokers, or, at any rate, the large majority of them, can both read and write, it is a little depressing to read that the film of *Resurrection* is to be renamed *We Live Again* "for the convenience of those who do not understand long words."

Historical Section

ONE of our most prominent public prints published a picture the other day of the German warships in Portsmouth Harbour and labelled it "The first visit to England of German warships since 1914." How sadly short are the memories of those great men who guide our destinies so ably and so confidently in their newspapers. We ourselves lay no claim, or, at least, practically no claim, to omniscience, but we distinctly recall a visit of German warships to Scarborough and the Hartlepools in about 1915, and another visit later on to Yarmouth and Lowestoft. And unless we are vastly mistaken, there was surely a visit, not of a handful of small cruisers, but of the entire German Navy to the Firth of Forth in the second week of November 1918. Accuracy is accuracy, and now, our duty done, there remains but to comment on the superbly workmanlike appearance of the two large visitors. It was evidently not an at-home day when our Miss Bethiah Snipp gave them the once-over, as there was not a sign of life on deck. And the swastika, she says, far from flaunting itself at any masthead, was merely used, with many other quite ordinary pieces of bunting, to disguise and decorate the warships' grey austerity.

"The Committee feel that they would like to see it undraped"

Inanity Corner

A CERTAIN Captain E. B. Glasier wins our little memento this week for the champion wise-crack. "If there were a prodigal son to-day the best he could hope for would be a glassed tongue and sardines," said the gallant Captain. Consider that one for a moment, sweetlets. "If there were a prodigal son," implying that there isn't. Why, there 's young Bill ——— [Ed.: "Hi! None of that. We don't want no libel actions here." Ourselves (plaintively): "All right, Governor, all right, all *right*."] Next point: "the best he could hope for." Rats! he could hope, for instance, for a Strasbourg paté and the second row of the Gaiety Chorus. Or for a Pilaff de foie de volaille à la grecque and the front row. Heavens above, think of all the things he could hope for! He mightn't get them, but there 's no harm in hoping. As for the glassed tongue, perhaps Captain Glasier is a tongue-glazier. Anyway, he gets the medal and the lithograph of Sir John Simon for seeing both sides of a question simultaneously.

Hot News from Whitehall

THE Health boys have got some pretty snappy stuff at last about the drought, and are pushing the good tidings around for the ridiculously low fee of one penny. "Rainfall

"Sophie, I want to creep into your heart"

THE OLD SCHOOL TIE

No. 8.—Lancing

French grey plus pink and chocolate
On dark blue background look just great

When summer breezes kiss the Downs
And sunlight glints the sea,
Then Lancing is a pleasant spot,
Unless, of course, you have to swat
In School Pits which are small and hot,
Or languish mournfully
On Boiler duty, where you wait
And chant a hymn of Shooting Eight.

The Grubber, where, in days gone by,
"Sham Russians," "Kill-me-Quicks,"
And "Outside Lefts" (so right inside!)
Were dainties covetously eyed,
Still keeps a counter well supplied
To lure those pennies (six)
Which housemasters disburse each week
To underschools who sweetmeats seek.

When winter mists enshroud the Downs
And "Soccer" holds the stage
(For "Rugger" quickly passed away),
Your stalwarts also like to play
At Groves Quad football, where the fray
On afternoons will rage;
While Five Mile heroes flop in dykes
Whose ghastly savours no one likes.

The memories that Lancing wakes
Can never wholly pall—
The Chapel, high and grey and cool,
The smell of parquet in Great School,
The firmly-kept "Stop talking" rule
On going into Hall;
And—most of all—when first you pass
In state o'er Upper Quad's green grass.

B. W.

varies in different parts of the country" is one of the startling discoveries of this little pamphlet. You didn't know that, we are prepared to wager. And again, "In rural areas, rain-water provides, with proper storage, a pure and wholesome water for domestic use." Hark! Can you hear that distant noise, as of a coyote from Arizona suffering from a sharp quinsy? You can? That is the sound of a gigantic bureaucratic brain creaking in Whitehall. Once an hour it creaks, between eleven a.m. and five p.m.

A Tip for the Black Boys

The B.F.'s who get so dreadfully vexed when anyone speaks out of turn at one of their jolly little fiestas at Olympia and elsewhere, might take a tip from the ancient Celts who inhabited Gaul before Cæsar divided it into three parts. It is recorded of the Celts that if anyone interrupted at a public meeting, he had a large hole cut in his coat to remind him not to do it again.

A Grave Affront

Well may a Parliamentary gent. inquire why the Duke of Cumberland is described in the National Portrait Gallery as "The Hero of Culloden." What a monstrous perversion of the truth. The man's description, which will stand so long as there is a clansman left alive in the world, is Butcher Cumberland. "Jack the Ripper" might just as well be called the Hero of Whitechapel, or Robespierre the Hero of Paris, or Lucrezia Borgia the Heroine of Rome. It is one of the ironies of the horticultural world that a very charming old-world flower should have been called after the Butcher and given the name, of all names, of Sweet William. Let the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery look to it, that this affront to the Highlands be removed, or the claymores will be sharpened and the dirks polished in preparation for rough work in Trafalgar Square.

"I can't get its head right"

"And, mind you, it's the crawl I want to learn, not the old-fashioned thing"

Saved from the Wreckage

WHILE we are on the subject of the Highlands, we are glad that a small amount of good has come out of the electric power-stations which are reminding the glens so forcibly that the blessings of Progress are at hand. In order to get water for the pretty little toys, the water-level in a number of lochs has been considerably lowered, and as a result a lot of archæological discoveries have been made, such as prehistoric canoes, lake-dwellings, and so on. On Loch Laggan a boat 37 feet long, made out of a single gigantic pine, has been found, and on an island in the Loch brogues and sandals and pots have appeared above the new high-water mark. So something has been gained out of the wreckage of the glens.

Britons Wha Hae

MR. SHANE LESLIE, that witty and entertaining Irish writer, has written a book on post-war England that is full of amusing stuff. We particularly enjoyed his remark that among England's vast variety of functions, she "keeps Quebec safe for the Pope, Jerusalem for Sir Herbert Samuel, and Epsom Racecourse for the Aga Khan."

Trouble Among the Blue and Gold

WHAT a grave crisis has arisen in the affairs of the British Navy. Is it right to call a Lieutenant-Commander by the title of Commander when introducing him in a drawing-room? And if it is wrong, can a hostess be expected to say, "May I introduce Gunnery-Instructor-Lieutenant-Commander Plantagenet-Fitzpostlethwaite"? On the other hand, we are a little doubtful about the suggestion from a soldier, in *The Times* newspaper, that the title of Lieutenant-Commander should be abolished and "Commander class two" substituted for it. It might lead to an awkward precedent in the Army, and no Brigadier-General would care to be introduced to a fair damsel as "Fourth-Class-General Juggins, my dear." We once knew a naval captain whose promotion to the rank of Rear-Admiral gave him profound pleasure for a very curious reason. "The steward at the club," he explained, "no longer calls me Major when he wishes to pay me a delicate compliment."

King Boris the First

"IT falls to the lot of few men," observed the Kaiser, in one of the few recorded remarks of his which are really humorous, "to appoint his grandmother a colonel of dragoons," and he then proceeded to confer that unexpected rank upon Queen Victoria. In the same way it falls to the lot of few men to appoint themselves a European monarch. But a Dutchman named de Skossyreft has declared himself Boris the First, Prince of the Valleys of Andorra and Regent of His Majesty the King of France." The Andorrans, peaceful souls, did not mind much, and Prince Boris appointed himself to further rank, such as delegate to the League of Nations and controller of the tourist traffic and so on. The Bishop of Seo d'Vrgel then asked the Prince of the Valleys to move on, and the Bishop's word goes in Andorra. The Prince, however, had a snappy come-back ready, and declared the decree of expulsion illegal. Furthermore, in addition to the post of controller of Andorran hotels (there is only one) Boris has assumed the Sovereign Princedom and Censorship of the Faith. There the matter stands.

Our Dashing Public Schools

NO sooner had we called attention to the dreary cricket played at the annual treat of the Eton and Winchester boys, when they scored at the funereal rate of 45 runs an hour for two days on a hard wicket, than the Eton and Harrow boys took up the good work. It is true that they were slightly faster, but they scored on the first day 250 runs less than the Players scored in one day at the Oval. And yet our cricket correspondents wail every day about the dullness of professional batting. and compare it with what is technically known as "The fine flower [or, alternatively, "the cream"] of amateur batting."

THE BYSTANDERS.

"No, it will have to be larger; you see, my horse drinks out of it"

Lenare

(1) Miss Vera Selby

(1) **Vera Selby** is the daughter of Sir Walford and Lady Selby, British Legation, Vienna, and is engaged to Mr. Rupert Howe Bromley, son of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Arthur Bromley, of Cadogan Square. Her fiancé is in the Grenadier Guards

(2) Miss Rosemary Peto

Engaged

Five Brides-to-Be

Lenare

(3) The Hon. Rosemary Balfour

(2) **Rosemary Peto** is the daughter of Major Ralph Peto and Mrs. Ruby Lindsay, of 32, Connaught Square. She is to marry Viscount Hinchingbrooke, eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Sandwich, and brother of the Hon. Drogo Montagu

(3) **Rosemary Balfour**, who is engaged to Mr. Alec Mitchell, younger son of Lt.-Col. Alexander Mitchell, of Tulliallan, Kincardine-on-Forth, and Monksford, St. Boswells, is the second daughter of Lord and Lady Kinross, and is twenty-four

Bassano

(4) Miss Audrey Simpson

(4) **Audrey Simpson**, the eldest of the three Simpson sisters, is the daughter of the late Mr. C. R. Simpson and Mrs. Simpson. She is engaged to Mr. Bernard Rubin, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Mark Rubin, of Queensland, Australia. He is competing in the £10,000 England-to-Australia air race, which takes place in October

Hay Wrightson

(5) Miss Pamela Vandeleur

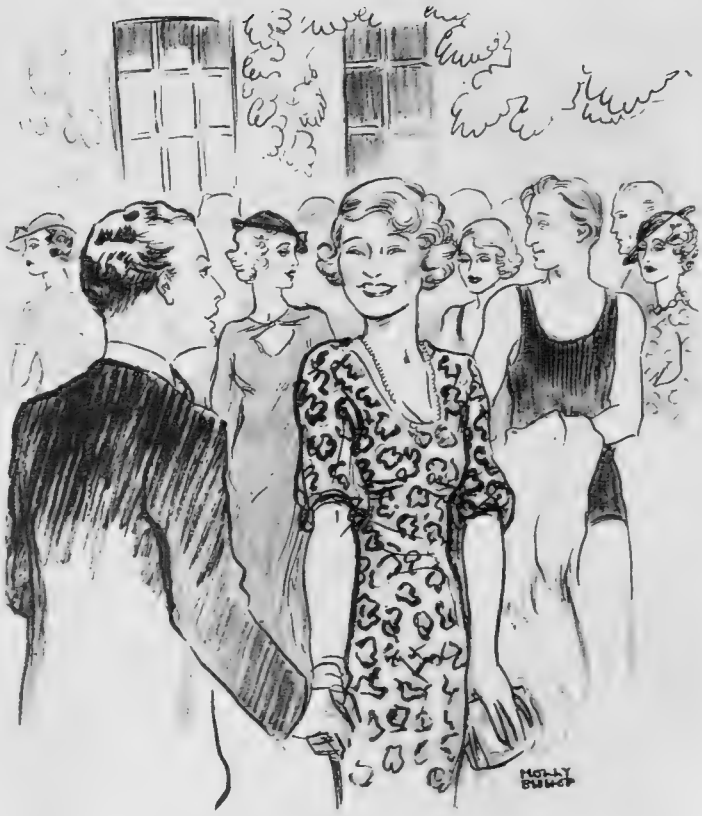
(5) **Pamela Vandeleur** is engaged to Mr. Lennox Livingstone-Learmonth, only son of Brig.-Gen. J. C. Livingstone-Learmonth, of Stuckeridge, Bampton, Devon. She is the daughter of the late Capt. A. M. Vandeleur, 2nd Life Guards, and the Hon. Mrs. Algar Howard

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

"The Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop

THE Eton and Harrow match well maintained its annual social significance, as well as imbuing old members of the rival schools with an almost inimical old-school-tie spirit towards each other. But even the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer the Harrow captain, Pawle, whose brilliant innings was the feature of the match. There were two very proud fathers, Frank Pawle and Frank Mann, for the latter's youngest hopeful, aged fifteen, scuppered Harrow in its first innings. The Duchess of Buccleuch entertained largely in her box, as did the Duke of Devonshire and Sir Stanley Jackson, when he was not talking on the telephone to some recalcitrant Test Match player. The practice-ground was just as popular as the main ground, for it contained the tents, such as Cavalry, Naval and Military, and New University. And the "call to the tea" is the strongest motif in the whole of the match. As regards the dresses, I noticed some nice flowered chiffon, also some figured foulard; the touch of St. Patrick's blue in the black hat of the Duchess of Abercorn gave it a very gay appearance. Friday night saw the Eton Ball at the Dorchester, also the Eton and Harrow Ball at Hurlingham; it was rather too wet to sit out in the garden, which made it a better night for summer-house occupants—there was less chance of being disturbed. At Quaglino's it was not a juvenile night, however: one could have seen that rather expensively re-united couple, Mr. and Mrs. Heneage, dining happily together; Mr. and Mrs. Somerset Maxwell looking rather serious, for their house has been burnt down, and Mr. Michael Arlen, for whom calendar-printed social functions have never had much appeal.



A Roehampton Party

Mrs. J. B. Paget greeting Captain Bobby Cunningham-Reid at her "Cochran's Young Ladies" party at Ibstock Place. Behind is A. P. Herbert, after a swim, and several of "Les Girls"

CONVERSATION now seems to centre upon one subject—the holidays. As most of Mayfair is petrified of going anywhere where it will not meet itself, the issue usually is narrowed down to a visit to the South of France. For those who are invited on Lord Dudley's yacht, such as Sir John Milbanke, Mr. John de Forest, and Miss "Baby" Jungman, or to Mr. Cecil Beaton's Wiltshire residence, or to Mr. "Chips" and Lady Honor Channon at Salzburg—well, those are invitations much sought after. Miss Flo Scheftel, who was at Mrs. Charles Cartwright's cocktail-party, is going to Salzburg, but more to listen to the music than to be social. At this party Captain Arthur Evans, in his best Parliamentary voice and dressed for the part, announced the presence of a conjuror. Mrs. Ernest Simpson, Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnston, and Mrs. Claude Leigh were a decorative trio. On the same night, the Percy Lawson-Johnstons had a cocktail-party in Park Street; people bolted backwards and forwards between there and the de Winton Wills, who live opposite and were also entertaining. Captain and Mrs. Cunningham-Reid, who had spent the week-end with Mr. William Randolph Hearst at St. Donat's, Lili Damita, who spends many week-ends at Leeds Castle, Miss

Watching Cricket—Or Not—At Lord's

Miss Patricia Lowry-Corry wearing no Ascot type of dress, but a neat black suit and a little hat, sat under the trees and talked to Mr. Mark Ogilvy-Grant

Miss Marie Symons-Jeune sat for her portrait, while Miss Peta Davis turned her back firmly on the cricket and talked to her friends

Rosemary O'Malley Keyes in crushed strawberry (it had been to the cleaners since Ascot, she said), Miss Rosemary Cohen, Miss Celia Palmer, Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth, all were there.

MR. FRAZIER JELKE'S succession of week-end parties at Stonor Park, Henley, now re-christened Purity Park, on account of the host's passion for rigid decorum, have now ended, as his tenancy is finished. Miss Nina Pearson, now Mrs. Paul Leviton, spent her last week-end of spinsterhood there, and after her wedding last week gave a luncheon-party at Claridge's. Mr. Jelke, having made arrangements to come up from Henley, failed to turn up. Let us hope he was not emulating Achilles, for there is a rumour that he was once almost engaged to Miss Pearson. Mr. Leviton makes electric lights: he certainly has another one in his bright bride. Mr. F. X. Shields, the Maharajah of Rajpipla, and Lord Donegall attended the luncheon.

Elsewhere in the restaurant was the portly Viscount, Lord Castlerosse, who some time ago had a dispute over the cut of his evening waistcoats. But he can now have no grumble with the cutter of his day-vests. His brilliantly conceived study in brown, with a white roll fronting the sides of the waistcoat, was a pointer to us that we are in little need of men's dress reform, and that Lord Carnarvon, Sir Jock Buchanan-Jardine and Captain Tommy MacDougall have a serious rival in "men's turn-out."

"NON cuivis homini. . . ." Nor does it fall to the lot of every person to sit at supper with Mrs. (Laura) Corrigan. But any of the four hundred guests who sat down to supper at the Covent Garden Gala can now claim that distinction. The gala supper was a great success. Lady Carisbrooke nobly imbibed the toast of champagne, offered in ancient Imperial manner by the Russian singers—for she never drinks wines. At the high table, too, sat Mr. Saxton Noble next to Mme. Massine, who later danced a pas seul, Lord Carisbrooke, the Brazilian Ambassador and his wife, Mrs. Claude Leigh, the Geoffrey Toyes, and "Uncle" Bruce Ottley and all. He is one of the sponsors of the ballet, and one can see his juvenile nieces, Irina, Tamara, and Tatiana (Baronova, Toumanova, and Riabouchinska) dutifully trot up to him to receive his blessing and an avuncular kiss. Mrs. Richard Guinness called for beer at supper, as all good Guinnesses should. Mrs. Woolley Hart sat next to the Marchesa Malacrida; Sir William and Lady Jowitt, Lady Bonham Carter, Lady Kemball Cook, Lady Melchett, Mr. Cecil Beaton, Mr. Oliver Messel—in fact, all the king and queen ballet-ites. Merle Oberon's brown back was much prettier than a lot of people's faces. Mr. John Sutro sat opposite Prince Serge Obolensky, and Lady Hambleden's tiara was the nicest on view. And as for *La Boutique Fantasque*, nobody should miss seeing it: Mr. Francis Toye, Rossini's latest biographer, purred with pleasure to see his hero's work so well received.

MRS. SYRIE MAUGHAM always seems to get an atmosphere of happiness into her parties. If you meet a person there, you like them: meet them somewhere else and it 's not always quite so good. Over 500 guests turned up to her house in Chelsea; I believe she had been warned in the morning by an architect that any extra guests might cause the whole house to collapse. A feature of the supper was the crab-meat,

Below: Miss Betty Gardner, Mr. Winchester Sanderson, Mrs. Vereker, Lord Michelham, and Mr. Billy Gardner sitting by the sea in the sun that's been scorching down on Pourville

Right: Miss Auriol Harbord and Mr. J. D. Harbord at Brockenhurst for the New Forest Open Lawn Tennis Tournament. Miss Harbord was beaten in the ladies' singles in the second round

Below: two more players at Brockenhurst were Mr. R. N. A. Leyton, the Cambridge tennis Blue, who was beaten in the second round, and Miss Esme Sutton. More exclusive pictures of this event coming next week

It Was Too Hot To Move, So They Sat Still

Left: Mrs. Alec Bowhill, the Midlothian golfer, talking to Captain Brian Fairfax-Lucy in the paddock at Hamilton races. Captain Fairfax-Lucy married Miss Alice Buchan, John Buchan's elder daughter, not very long ago

People Who Like Sailing Get Busy at Cowes

Colonel Middleton and Miss Monica Sherriffe outside the Squadron Gardens at Cowes

Lord Powerscourt, who was staying at the Squadron for the week-end, walking along the front with his son and daughter-in-law, the Hon. Mervyn and Mrs. Wingfield (Sheila Beddington that was)

the recipe being given to the hostess by Lady Portarlington. Miss Lisa Maugham wore orchids of quite a strange colour—ashen grey—and they looked very effective. Prince George was among the guests; Jack Harris's band played, as did a Viennese orchestra, to which one waltzed wildly: Lady Dunn seemed an adept at this dance.

MONTE CARLO looks like having a wonderful summer season. The Summer Sporting Club has already opened, and there is a new batch of Sixteen Girls, who will be in the cabaret which opens on July 31st. M. René Léon, whom one may term the presiding genius of Monte Carlo, has brought the place up to the standard of being the most chic place in Europe at which to spend the summer holiday. MR. PEEPS

Woman to Woman

EVERYBODY gathered in London for Lord's, and the night before the battle began there was a bigger battle still at the Savoy. The whole world and his wife were there; and, by the way, talking of wives, Mrs. Jean Heneage was among the crowd, being congratulated on all sides on having become one again by re-marrying her husband that day. The Guy Farquhars were there in a party with the John Masons and Miss Patricia Corry and others. Mrs. Guy Farquhar is most attractive, and was looking particularly so that night in black with some lovely diamond bracelets. In another party was Lady Ilchester and her youngest son, Mr. John Fox-Strangeways, and her daughter, Lady Mary Herbert and, so that it shouldn't be an entirely family affair, the Tennant-Hunters—she looking as lovely as ever in red. Major Jack Hirsch we saw with Miss Leila Labouchere and the Willoughby Norries. Miss Inez Quilter, whom we haven't seen about lately, was in a party with her brother, Raymond, and Miss Cooke, to whom he has just got himself engaged, and various other members of the Quilter and Cooke families. Lord Altamont, who, we hear, is shortly off to shoot partridges in Austria with Mr. Johnny Dewar, was there that night with the eldest unmarried Ramsden-Jodrell. Mr. and Mrs. Simon Elwes we noticed together (what an extremely good-looking couple they are); while his brother-in-law, Mr. Eric Sanders, was in another party with Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Player. Major Tommy Graves and a boy friend were together, sitting near the floor and taking everything in. Mrs. Gordon Foster didn't escape our notice, either. She is paying one of her flying visits to London. Another from her part of the world was Captain Adrian Bethell, tête-à-tête with a very good-looker.

THE Eton and Harrow match has come and gone, and in future, please, will mothers and sisters kindly remember that it 's bad enough living down one's own mistakes, but just imagine what it must mean to have to live down one's mother's or sister's hat! We wonder what young Lord Glenapp and his even younger brother thought of their sister, Lady Patricia Mackay's head-gear. We think it was the same one we commented on at Ascot. There was a mass of entertaining going on as usual in boxes, tents, and on coaches. The Duke of Gloucester arrived just before lunch and found his way to the Buccleuchs' box, where we saw him with a good assortment of Scotts. The Salisburys had a coach on the mound, and Lady Salisbury was in black and pale blue, with an Eton blue plumage in her black hat. With them were the Cranbornes and Lady Hartington, who was in red-white-blue printed crêpe. Lady Beatrice Ormsby-Gore we saw first on the Salisburys' coach, and then in the Duke of Devonshire's box and vice-versa, whichever her sons seemed to prefer. Another person who had a coach was Colonel Arthur Grenfell, and there were to be found Grenfells en masse, including Lord and Lady Grenfell, over from Ireland, she with her affections obviously divided, being dressed in both dark and light blue. When they weren't at the coach they were to be seen doing a grand tour arm-in-arm. Another couple we noticed arm-in-arm were the Master of Falkland and his new wife, Mrs. Carey.

EVERY day practically we hear of someone new who is just off to Scotland, while, on the other hand, a few who went up to Edinburgh for the royal visit have returned to see the season out, for fear they should be missing something. Lord and Lady Stair are back, but will be off North again in a week or two to their Wigtownshire home. Lord and Lady Rosebery came South again, probably with a view to Newmarket. The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough (still better known to us as the Blandfords) are going to spend the first weeks of grouse-shooting at Strathavon Lodge, Banffshire, a really heavenly spot on the River Avon. They won't be doing much entertaining this year, but will have Madame Jacques Balsan, the Duke's mother, staying with them. Talking of Dukes, the Duke of Argyll is back at Inverary, amid the wilds of Argyllshire, probably getting busy for the Inverary Highland Games, believed to be one of the oldest of all the Scottish gatherings. And while we are on the subject of Scottish customs and gatherings, we would like to mention that we saw Douglas Byng at Lord's.

MRS. PEEPS

Yesterday They Looked Like This . . .

No. 1. Marlene Dietrich Then and Now

" The Blue Angel "

First Love—On the Films

In the photograph above is a totally unrecognisable Marlene Dietrich, playing opposite William Dieterle in one of her earlier German films. Below is a " still " from a " sensation-film," also German and not very successful, in which Marlene had a small part. On the right she appears, more like herself, in " I Kiss Your Hand, Madame," her first talking-film, which was such a failure that after it Marlene was without an engagement for two years

It is interesting to recall that " The Blue Angel " was hailed in 1930, not as the first picture of a new star, but as the first talkie of Emil Jannings. In the " Bystander " of July 16, 1930, was written : " . . . an American girl. This part, by the way, is played by Marlene Dietrich, an actress of exceptional talent." How beautifully casual is that " by the way " ! " The Blue Angel," an Ufa film, directed by Josef von Sternberg, gave Marlene Dietrich her first Hollywood contract, and was the most brilliant screen success of the year. It has just been revived, for a week, at the Curzon

Marlene Dietrich in a Film of Yesterday—or Even the Day Before

The new star arrives at " The Blue Angel " Berlin première, in 1930 : Marlene Dietrich steps over the threshold of world-wide fame

Marlene Dietrich and Emil Jannings

Lola, the Cabaret Singer at the Blue Angel

The Dietrich To-day

A typical photograph of the 1934 Dietrich, exquisitely polished and sophisticated, the one woman of this decade who can wear men's clothes without either looking faintly ridiculous or losing anything of her supremely feminine allure. One cannot imagine the screen world without Marlene; she is the symbol and essence of glamour — meaning by that misused word the quality which, of all filmic qualities, is the most sought after, rare and precious

And the Cricket?

The Social Side of the Eton and Harrow Match

Mr. and Mrs. George Heneage went to Lord's together on Friday, the day after their re-marriage had taken place at the Chelsea Register Office

Sir Robert Horne outside Lord's, and looking as if he was trying to remember something about someone he saw

Lord Carnegie walking round with Lord and Lady Aberdare. She was wearing a dark-blue coat over her blue-and-white patterned dress.

S. E. K. Richardson

Lord Lansdowne talking to the Duchess of Devonshire. She and her husband had a large family party in their box in the Clock Tower on both days of the match

Lady Patricia Ramsay, wearing a brown and cream flowered chiffon dress, is with her fourteen-year-old son, who is at Eton. She went with him to the match both days

Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Piers and Mrs. Legh took their ten-year-old daughter, Diana, to Lord's. Colonel Legh is Equerry-in-Ordinary to the Prince of Wales

Col. Duff Gordon and Lady Cranborne, the wife of Lord Salisbury's eldest son, who wore a dark-blue spotted dress

The Hon. Mrs. Rutland looked very attractive in her Ascot-ish organdie dress, short taffeta coat and big hat. She was escorted to the match by Mr. James Royd

Sir Richard Cruise, the famous ophthalmic surgeon, went to Lord's with Lady Cruise and Miss Peggy Cruise, his daughter by his first marriage. He is an Old Harrovian

The Hon. Somerset and Mrs. Maxwell were another couple who went to Lord's together. Mr. Maxwell was at Harrow, and so was his father, Lord Farnham

Lady Cecilia Wellesley, in a coolie hat, found a temporary resting-place on the chains of the W. G. Grace Memorial Gates; with her is Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg

Miss Jennifer Fry, who is with Mr. Dickonson, was another débutante for whom Lord's was a "date." She has an Old Harrovian father—Sir Geoffrey Fry

A Racing Reverie

The Terrorisation of the Bookmakers

By "Regular"

S. E. K. Richardson

Mrs. J. V. Rank, the well-known, and very attractive owner, and Miss Orr-Ewing walking round at the July Meeting at Lingfield

Racing at Lingfield

The Hon. Peter Beatty, who had a horse running, Major V. Beatty, the Hon. Mrs. Beatty, whose Bravura came in second in the Batnors Selling Plate, and Mr. Jack Clayton

THE bookmakers are frightened. I read it in my Sunday paper, so it must be so, and of whom are they frightened? Of none other than of "petite, pretty and blue-eyed Mrs. Rank, the most spectacular successful woman punter the racecourses has ever seen."

ACCORDING to my paper, Mrs. Rank has a few words with Mr. "James" (?) Clayton (can it be referring to Mr. Jack Clayton?), and having decided what will win the race, off she goes and backs it for many thousands, and the horse always wins. No wonder the bookmakers are frightened.

THE Editor of the BYSTANDER was a sad-eyed man last Sunday: the Sunday Paper had beaten us again, Uncle Regular had let yet another "scoop" slip through his fingers. The telephone at Castle Regular rang loudly as Uncle, in company with two Dukes, a Duchess, a bookmaker, and the two gentlemen in possession, was sitting down to Sunday lunch, and an irate voice wanted to know what Uncle thought they paid him for.

BUT Uncle was not perturbed. For many weeks now he has been holding up his story, "The Terrorisation of the Ring," for an opportune moment. That moment has now arrived. Every morning, my friends, you have read of the unkindness of Uncle Hitler to those who have displeased him. Those tales will read like bed-time stories compared with what Uncle Regular and his followers are doing each day to the members of Tattersall's Ring.

TRUE, no bookmaker has yet met with the extreme penalty, but, so far, they have taken good care not to annoy us. Immediately one lays us under the odds or sends his account in twice, we shall strike, and in most cases the names of our victims will be published in this paper.

YOUR Sunday paper has told you of the terror of "petite, pretty and blue-eyed Mrs. Rank," but it has made no mention of petite, brown-eyed, brunette Mrs. Glorney. I have seen sixteen-stone bookmakers crumple up on their shooting-sticks before her withering scorn. Mrs. Glorney does not gladly take under the odds.

NOR have you heard of the panic caused by petite, brown-haired, bespectacled Joe Harris, a veritable tiger of a man. "Harris never loses; follow Harris." The cry has echoed from racecourse to racecourse, for more years than I care to remember. Mothers, dangling their children on their knees, whisper to them of the great Uncle Joe, so that little boys no longer want to be engine-drivers or policemen, but desire to follow in the footsteps of the great Mr. Harris. Small wonder the bookmakers are frightened.

THEN there is slim, blond Jackie Myers and his stout, brunette son. If you want to please Jackie, you tell him he looks younger than his son. If you want to annoy the latter you tell him the same story. The bookmakers, however, are much too cowed and frightened to play any jokes like this.

I COULD go on at length, telling you of my worthy henchmen who assist in the terrorisation of the Ring, but my space is limited and I must now tell you of Uncle Regular himself.

WATCH him approach the rails, the effect is terrible to see. "Mrs. Vernet's smelling-salts, quick, Mike, you silly boy, and stop working out the mixed doubles. Ah, she 's coming round nicely now. Lucky they 're packed so tightly on the rails or she might have fallen."

ALL speed to loosen Moe Tarsh's collar; he 's gone a ghastly colour, and Jack Burns's strident tones are hushed to a whisper; while that crash reminiscent of a Life Guardsman falling off his horse is Issy Isaacs as he faints dead away against the rails. Harry Slowburn rests in his clerk's arms like a little child asleep.

Northolt Jockeys

Lord Ratendone rode his gelding, Mercèdes, and Lord Nunburnholme rode Mr. L. Jayne's Diamond Wedding in the Corinthian Plate, at the Northolt Park meeting in aid of Tom Walls' Sportsmen's Fund for the Cancer Campaign

AND that, my friends, is briefly the story of the terrorisation of the Ring, though, in Uncle Regular's case, the cause of their fear is not the fact that Uncle will back the winner, but that if he backs a loser, will he be able to pay?

IN the sacred cause of charity (the British Empire Cancer Research Fund), everybody who is anybody turned up at Northolt last Monday. In sport under Jockey Club Rules, people are far too self-conscious to show their feelings, and races are won and lost without a cheer. The winner is invariably led in by the "boy what does him," and except for a pat, resembling a slap with a dead fish, from the jockey, the gallant winner receives no thanks.

AT Northolt things are very different, and no matter whether the race is worth five hundred pounds or fifty, the winner is invariably led in by at least three ladies and, in company with the winning trainer and jockey, is fairly smothered with kisses, and one hard-working trainer remarked to me that he 'd be up till the small hours of the morning scrubbing off the lip-stick. Michael Beary remarked, somewhat ruefully, that he wished he rode at Northolt.

THE meeting ended with us all getting well ginned-up at a cocktail-party given in the Members' luncheon room, under the auspices of Jumbo Joliffe, so my recollection of the day's racing is somewhat blurred.

CHIEF recollections are "Burghy," "terribly busy, old boy, working for the cause, don't yer know, B———y fine show this, eh?" "Fruity" Metcalfe in a straw hat, Mrs. Essex Drury being introduced to Mr. Harry Brown, Michael Beary buying a lot of champagne, and Lords Ratendone and Nunburnholme riding in the Bumper Race.

Mixed Polo at Wyphurst Park

Above are some of the players: Mr. Michael Rowley, Mrs. Freddie Cripps' son, Lady Violet Pakenham, Mrs. McNeill (umpire), the Hon. Mrs. Vivian Jackson, Mr. David Price, Mr. Derek Cardiff and Mr. Michael Price

Right: five of the polo-players walking through the lovely garden at Wyphurst Park, which is near Cranleigh, in Surrey

Below: Mr. Derek Cardiff and Lady Violet Pakenham, the Earl of Longford's third sister, are two members of the new mixed polo club

Above: Mrs. McNeill, who acted as umpire. Her husband, Capt. McNeill, is organising the mixed polo club that the Jacksons have started at Wyphurst Park

Below: the Hon. Mrs. Jackson is Lord Newborough's only daughter, and married Mr. Vivian Jackson in 1932. He works at astrophysics, an abstruse form of astronomy. David, their son, is nine months old

Mr. Cardiff and Lady Violet Pakenham

Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Vivian Jackson and Their Son, David

Women's Golf

The "Bystander" Cup—and Handicap Hardships

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

WITH six months of the year gone, the moment has come to review the position for the BYSTANDER Yearly Challenge Cup, which, in six more, will reward the player who has won most BYSTANDER spoons during 1934. So far, four players have won three spoons, a most remarkably fine performance on their parts, for the competition is so keen nowadays, and the scores that come in make it hard enough to win one spoon, let alone several. In June, for example, the bronze division list was headed by Miss Prudence Jackson, who had popped round Chislehurst in 89, less 32, equals 57, and the scratch score being 71, was therefore no less than fourteen below it! Nothing worse than seven below earned a June spoon in that division, and even the comparatively sober silver division started with a ten below, from Mrs. Tivey, of Willesley Park, and ended amongst the fours below. Fourth in the silver division, by the way, came Miss Bridget Jackson, with a pretty enough 75—12=63 round Chislehurst, just to show younger sister she couldn't have it all her own way. Their mother, you remember, is Mrs. Lionel Jackson, who used to play for Ireland, and their brother was in the Oxford side not long ago, so it is all in the family.

Miss Pam Barton

A Le Touquet snapshot of Pam Barton (Royal Mid-Surrey), the new French Lady Champion, who met and defeated Mlle. D. Lavigne by 11 and 9 in the final, having previously defeated Miss Dorothy Pim, Miss B. Gaisford and Mlle. Aline de Gunsbourg in the third, fourth and semi-final rounds

TO return to chances for the Challenge Cup, the four who have three spoons to be going on with are Miss M. Bateman, of Shirley Park, Mrs. Fane, of North Hants, Miss Monica Radcliffe, of Mullion, and Miss N. Williams, of Coxmoor. (I am sorry, if that sounds too like Birthdays in the Children's Hour.) Half a dozen people have won two spoons, including the present holder of the Cup, Miss Wooding, of Kingsthorpe, and two hundred and thirty-one have had to be content, so far, with one apiece. Miss Bateman has really done wonders. The par of Shirley Park is 75. In March this player returned 89—18=71; in May, 88—16=72; and in June, 81—13=68, so that even a handicap that has grown fine by degrees and beautifully less has been powerless to stop her. With four, three, and seven below par, she should stand well if it comes down to a tie later on.

It will be rather remarkable if a silver division player should win again, and a refutation of those who say that the shorter handicaps cannot hold their own against the long. Of course, there is this to be said: the hapless long handicap who does a good score is docked more severely, under the L.G.U. system, than the shorter, and so has less chance to repeat the offence.

I HAD a very interesting discussion not long ago with a medium handicap, who wanted me to air the grievances of her fellows. Do what they would, she said sadly, *they* could never win a competition; there was always some long handicap or another cropping up with an unbeatable score. Nobody, she went on, ought to have so many as thirty-six taken off over eighteen holes; nobody did in her young days; wouldn't I strike a blow on their behalf?

Then, on the other hand, the long handicaps come to you with cries of how impossible they find it to win any match-playing event, three-fourths of the difference is no use to them, they are scared stiff by the better players, and so forth and so on. My own feeling, if I may be allowed to speak frankly, is that a long-handicap player is perfectly entitled to her big allowance and a win with it (rather on the principle of a dog being allowed one bite) because, if she really wins with a phenomenal, unbeatable score, her handicap will come down with such a bump that another win for her is most unlikely, unless she is a really improving player. If she is that, then nobody ought to grudge her success and few will be able to stop her. If, on the other hand, she wins with a mediocre score and does not reduce her handicap, why, then, the medium-handicap player has only herself to blame for not putting in a win for herself. She, as a seasoned player, should be able to play steadily to her handicap and so bring in net returns round about par, while the long handicap is sowing wild oats.

OF course, I see, as I write it, the weak spot in my argument; it is that there are so many long handicaps in the world that if one of them is not doing a phenomenal score, another is. Against that there is nothing to be said, except that does it matter very much if they do carry off a few spoils? The honour and glory remains with the good gross scores, not the nets, and what is a prize more or less? Perhaps that is where the long handicaps are apt to rub up the short the wrong way. They come in after taking a good century of blows, some possibly air shots, at the ball, and when asked what they are round in, reply, airily, "Sixty-nine," without taking the trouble to add "net." A trivial matter, but an annoying one. Naturally, with players of the bronze division the difference is so big as to deceive no one, but when somebody of single figures talks glibly of their 75's, it is a little disconcerting and puzzling, the more so because they ought to be low enough to know better. After all, the game of golf is how many times you hit the ball, not a figure arrived at by calculating how many times you hit it, less a number representing the difference between how many times the perfect golfer would hit it and how many times you are likely to hit it.

That is why clubs and open meetings are so wise when they give a gross score prize in the long-handicap class as well as the short. It does teach the veriest beginner to think in terms of actual score, not net.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

At the Yorkshire Show

Lord and Lady Mountgarret went over to Bradford for the Yorkshire Agricultural Show. Lord Mountgarret is a J.P. for the West Riding, and owns over 11,000 acres in Yorkshire, including Nidd Hall, near Harrogate, and Eagle Hall, Pateley Bridge

Below: Lady Dunleath and her year-old son, Charles, at Ballywalter Park, Lord Dunleath's place in Co. Down. Lady Dunleath's father is the Most Rev. Charles D'Arcy, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland

Poole, Dublin

Lady Dunleath and Her Son

Here and There And Somewhere Else

Arthur Owen

Sailing at Bembridge

Miss T. Grigg and Mr. Jack Mellor both belong to Bembridge, that hot-bed of sailing, where during the summer season, no one talks of, or thinks of doing anything else

Harry Roy Plays Cricket

Above is Harry Roy, whose dance band plays at the May Fair, talking to Miss Elizabeth Brooke and her mother, the Ranee of Sarawak. This was at the Finchley Cricket Club, when Harry Roy's Dance Band played Mr. Greville Worthington's XI. On the left, Lord Waleran is going out to bat for the Worthington side

"The Devil Tempting the Cherub"

So Michael Arlen describes this photograph of himself and his small son, which was taken in the South of France. Michael Arlen's last book, "Hell! Said the Duchess," was published a few weeks ago

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Earth, Sea and Fire

By A. G. Macdonell

Below: Ellen Pollock's son discusses photography with Bernard Shaw. The latter's new play, "The Six of Calais," is now at the Open Air Theatre in a double programme with his "Androcles and the Lion"

A Cherub Distracts a Sage

ANY new work by Karel Capek is of European importance, for he himself has a European importance. *Hordubal*, therefore, must be treated with deference. (It is published by George Allen and Unwin, and is on sale at the price of 7*s.* 6*d.*) In effect, it is a Czecho-Slovak, peasant, humble rendering of the Return of Agamemnon. For the King of Mycenæ, returning from the Siege of Troy, substitute a Czech peasant returning from the siege of America. For Clytemnæstra, living with her servant Ægistheus, substitute Polana, living with her groom Stepan. When you have got as far as that, the rest of the tale is identical. The returned warrior is assassinated by the lover, and the lover and his mistress are duly brought to justice. There is no essential difference in the two methods of bringing the guilty pair to justice; in one case it was the Law of Orestes; in the other it was the Law of Czecho-Slovakia.

This ancient story must always be a powerful and a terrible one, if it is told by a master. Capek screws it to the uttermost. He shows the blind triumph of the returning hero, laden with love and American dollars, and his gradual realisation that his wife has betrayed him morally, physically, and financially, and his terrible despair when he sees that he has toiled for eight years in a strange country to no purpose. He brought back his spoils of Troy, and was murdered by Ægistheus. Mr. Capek tells the story from the point of view of Agamemnon, as the Greeks were inclined to do. He does not give the point of view of Clytemnæstra.

WHAT a terrific writer is "Sinbad"! His novel was hailed the other day as a masterpiece of the descriptive art, and now he has followed it up with a book of short stories called *Spin a Yarn, Sailor* (Harrap; 7*s.* 6*d.*). There has been nothing like these stories since Conrad wrote his *Typhoon* and *Youth*. The descriptions of life in a windjammer in a Cape Horn gale are so tremendous that the reader feels inclined to hide in the nearest Tube railway as being the furthest distance away from a windjammer in a Cape Horn gale. And yet, with all this sound and fury, "Sinbad" is a bit of a sentimentalist. His Blue Peter, for instance, is a sort of Dickens's Smike in *Nicholas Nickleby*, but he wins through in the end, and finishes up as the blue-eyed boy of the lugger. In the same way, the ancient captain of the good ship Teviot goes through the most fearful experiences in the Sargossa Sea, and rescues a smart yacht, and is soundly snubbed for his pains by the owner of the yacht, but comes out on the right side in the end by a bit of unexpected shrewdness. There is a good deal of Conrad's descriptiveness (without, of course, the Master's insight or irony), and quite a bit of Kipling, in these stories. But that does not alter the fact that "Sinbad" is a magnificent story-teller, and a magnificent writer of the English language.

THE narcissus was the old Greek flower for those untimely dead, and we must strew a narcissus on the memory of Thorne Smith, the American wag, who died a fortnight ago at the age of forty-two. Wags are few and far between, and the world can ill spare her crew of junior Rabelais, however junior they may be. Mr. Thorne Smith was of the school of Rabelais. But he was gradually climbing out of the cess-pool into the Mermaid Tavern, so to speak, and his last book, *The Bishop's Jaegers* (Barber; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is delightfully free from the vulgarities which marred his early works so dreadfully.

It is true that Thorne Smith is skating on ice so exceptionally thin that a postage stamp would look positively obese by comparison. Nevertheless, he manages his skating so skilfully that he hardly ever falls in. *The Bishop's Jaegers* is a riot of nonsense. A party of New Yorkers get becalmed in a fog in the Hudson. They row ashore and land in a Nudist Colony, where they are forcibly compelled to join the Colony. Only the Bishop, of the Episcopal Church of America, is allowed, out of deference for his reverence, so to speak, to retain his jaeger pants.

Adventures pile themselves thick and high, and the final escape of the party from the Colony and their subsequent arrest and trial before a New York magistrate, is as rich a bit of comic fooling as anything I have read for a long time. There is also a girl called Josephine who is so forward, and so minx-like, and so deliciously witty in her talk, that I wish she was a member of the syndicate of my colleagues who are called "The Standers-By." She would certainly make them look up to some tune. But alas! Josephine will never wise-crack again, for Thorne Smith is dead, and Josephine has died with him. The only small consolation is that several of his books have not yet been published in this country, and I have first-hand information that Messrs. Barker are to publish them.

MR. HAROLD DEARDEN had a wonderfully exciting story to tell in his book *The Fire-Raisers* (Heinemann; 8*s.* 6*d.*), but I am afraid I cannot say that he has told it very well. Indeed, it would be difficult to imagine a thrilling tale so completely bungled. Heavy sarcasm, laborious irony, alleged jokes repeated over and over again, word for word, are apt to irritate a reader. And they are all the more irritating when the subject of the book is so exciting that the reader is bound to plough his way to the bitter end. It is the story of Leopold Harris and how he fought single-handed against the gigantic resources of the Insurance Companies of the City of London, and how he beat them year after year, and swindled them year after year, until, at last, a man as able as he, as skilful as he, as resourceful as he, was found in Mr. William Charles Crocker, who pulled the swindler down in the end, after a long and complicated chase.

If Edgar Wallace had had the writing of the tale of Crocker v. Harris, what a book it would have made. Even with Mr. Dearden writing it, the story is irresistible. But a nasty taste is left by his trick of trying to be funny at the expense of the convicted men.

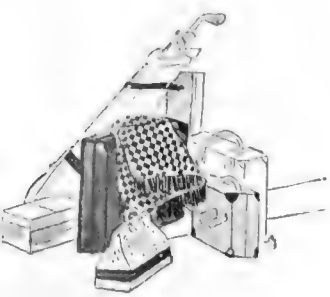
A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

assembled by

JEAN BURNUP

JILLIAN SANDLAND had her photograph taken on a sunny afternoon in a Burberry suit that is going to do its duty up North in a week or so, for shootin'. It is heavy tweed, checked, beautifully cut, plenty of skirt movement, belted, single breasted, pocketed, smart. Shoes and hat by Fortnum and Mason

Geoffrey Gilbert



It Will Soon Be The Twelfth

OVERCOATS for travelling North, and for days when a cool Scotch mist and rain beat the sun.

The first, from Fortnum and Mason, is in grey and black checked tweed, supple, soft, cosy. It is severe and practical enough for those who insist on these things, but with just that amount of trickiness about its fit and line to make it a coat of personality.

The second is one of Burberry's famous reversibles, coating one side, checked waterproofing the other. Serviceable and smart.

The shoes at the left of the page come from Tom Hill of Knightsbridge. Norwegian and ordinary brogues, beautifully made in supple brown leather, as comfortable as your mules.

SCOTT'S of Bond Street, have a grand selection of serviceable hats. The one at the right is light-weight felt with a becoming fold on the crown. Kind to the face, and impervious to the weather.

TWO Matita suits (extreme right) in soft woollen, wear-for-ever tweed. The first is beige and bottle in an attractive design. The coat is double breasted, with pockets. The skirt has double pannelled pleat back and front.

The coat of the second suit is yoked at the back, and deep inverted pleats allow plenty of arm movement. Brown and beige tweed slightly green flecked. Both suits would see you right on into the winter.

The lady next door wears a typical Burberry shooting suit. Classic cut, double breasted, a pleat each side of the skirt. Brown and beige tweed.

A Busy Season at the Flying Clubs : By Charles Ward

A flying-boat of the Air France fleet passing over the docks at Marseilles en route to Majorca. The sea-crossing occupies just over two hours, and there is a passenger service twice a week

Flying twenty-five years ago! M. Blériot, on the right, with Mr. Alexander Duckham, now chairman of the well-known lubricating oil manufacturers, photographed prior to a flight in 1909. No helmets, goggles, or wind-screens were necessary at forty-five miles an hour

The Race for the King's Cup

FLIGHT-LIEUT. SCHOFIELD, who is chief pilot for Monospars, won the Cup, with Mr. W. S. Stevenson's entry, having maintained a good course and a consistent average speed in the preliminary rounds and the final. The Monospar, with twin Pobjoy engines, is well known as a touring type de luxe, economical to operate and delightful to fly, and Flight-Lieut. Schofield was a popular winner. The possibility that the first machine would be found amongst the fastest machines entered was not fulfilled. The attempt on the part of the handicappers to be fair to all resulted once again in eliminating the fastest entries, though the result might have been slightly different if the weather on the first day had not been so atrociously bad. To keep a good course and pick up turning-points when flying at 180 or more miles an hour is much more difficult than at slower speeds. Even so, Captain Edgar Percival averaged 191 miles an hour, flying Prince George's Mew Gull, but this was not enough to beat his handicap, which was something over 200. Either the rules for the race will have to be altered in future or another contest to encourage designers and entrants of fast machines should be arranged. There were two specially good performances by Flight-Lieut. H. M. David and Mr. G. de Havilland, Jr., the pilots of the Blackburn B.2 Trainer and the T.K.1, which was the hope of the de Havilland School. The B.2, handicapped at 112 miles an hour, made 112.75 in the first round, progressively increasing its speed to 114.18 in the final, and the T.K.1., rated at 121 miles an hour, increased from 123.75 to 124.24.

Flying Club Events

THE race for the Siddeley Trophy, which is flown concurrently with that for the King's Cup, was won by Mr. L. Lipton, a nominee of the London Club, flying a Gipsy III. Moth. Hatfield was en fête for the racing and a large number of aircraft of all types arrived with their owners for the events. During June, flying time for the London Club was 370 hours, and on one day club machines flew for more than 30 hours — which was a record. Amongst visitors by air to Hatfield were the Prince of Wales, who took tea on the terrace after a tour of inspection; the Spanish Aviation Mission and the students who have flown recently from India. On Saturday next, July 28th, the Bristol and Wessex Club will hold its annual Garden Party, which is an event of the season in the West of England. Mr. A. H. Downes-Shaw, one of the founders of the Club, seven years ago, has recently resigned owing to pressure of business, but he retains his seat on the Board. When the Club started it had one aeroplane, with a small shed in a corner of Filton Aerodrome. To-day, it manages the Municipal Airport for the Corporation and has a first-class club-house, with several machines which an active membership keep busily employed. The new Chairman of the Club, Mr. R. Ashley Hall, is, like his predecessor, a member of the City Council, and responsible to a large extent for the forward policy adopted by Bristol in air matters. Entries for the London to Newcastle race, to be flown on Saturday, August 11th, close to-morrow at the normal fee of three guineas, though late entries will be received up to noon on August 2nd at five guineas. Competing pilots and passengers are entertained by the Newcastle Club at a dinner-dance in the evening. The Royal Aero Club's dinner to Mr. Blériot, to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his first flight across the Channel, is to take place to-morrow night at 119, Piccadilly.

In the Air at Heston

AT Heston, which is London's Airport for the private owner and is used also by three regular air lines and several taxi proprietors, more than 3600 aircraft arrived and departed during the control period in June. B.A.N.C.O., whose summer service to Deauville leaves Heston every day at 11 o'clock, arriving at Deauville at 12.30, is having a record season. The Le Touquet service is busier than ever, the Company's air liners making seventeen round trips during the week-end before last. The service to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight is often booked up for some days ahead, but the company is able to draw on the B.A.N.C.O. fleet when their own machines are full. Jersey Airways carried nearly 1000 people to the Channel Islands in June, this line being quite the most popular from Heston owing to the tremendous saving in time and the fact that passengers can dodge that nasty sea-crossing. For residents and visitors to the Channel Islands, there is now a service to Paris operating twice weekly in each direction, taking 2¼ hours to Le Bourget. Heston has changed its number, being now on the dial at Hounslow 2345.

News from A.S.T. at Hamble

HAMBLE is, I suppose, the busiest training centre in the country. Captain Neville Stack, who is to fly a special Airspeed "Envoy" in the Mac-Robertson Trophy Race, is taking an instrument flying course, and several other pilots in the same contest have booked refresher courses. Mr. John Carberry, from Kenya, is taking instrument flying, and Mr. S. N. Turner, an old pupil, also from Kenya, is training as an instructor. The addition of three Star-Class sailing dinghies brings the Club's fleet up to five. Facilities for recreation at the School are most comprehensive, pupils having a choice of practically every form of outdoor sport.

WHEN FRIENDS MEET

"That was a rattling good "double" Smith"
"Yes — and this is going to be a better one!"

DEWAR'S
The Famous
White Label

She is as logical as she is charming. She finally has chosen Craven "A" by a process of elimination. Are they not the most satisfying—the kindest to her throat? Are they not always in perfect condition wherever she buys them? Therefore, being a logical young lady, she has decided to keep to Cork-tipped Craven "A".
TWENTY FOR ONE SHILLING
CORK TIPPED
CRAVEN A
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

"BYSTANDER" • SHOOTING • SECTION

Moor, Field and Covert

By Max Baker

Below: Lord Weir and his shooting party walking between drives over Fenwick Moor, Eaglesham. Lord Weir's Renfrewshire place is Eastwood Park, Giffnock

Crianlarich Moor, Perthshire

Mr. G. H. Coates photographed on a wet and stormy Twelfth, shooting over the Crianlarich Moor, Perthshire

Fenwick Moor, Renfrewshire

Hunt in Fields for Health Unbought

AT this time of year we are accustomed to herald the opening of a new shooting season. The followers of Nimrod share with hunting enthusiasts the distinction of being a sort of crème de la crème among sportsmen. Fly-fishing and yachting, though equally distinguished, do not come into the same picture; they are summer sports, and as such complementary to the two great winter exercises for the energetic ones who willingly face climatic rigours.

Old Soldiers are Surest

IN the period of youth there is unlimited range of sport to select from. The old rock of twenty who is thrown out of the Rugby team to make place for promising youngsters fresh from the schools need not worry with ten years of match-tennis in front of him. Golf, unique amongst sports as satisfying all ages from adolescence to hoary ineptitude, is equally available. And shooting shares with golf the enormous advantage of demanding only moderate activity on the feet, but it must have its own peculiar brand of alertness in eye, hand, and muscle. As time goes on and elasticity fails, experience fills the blanks. When of the best it can give points to youth; usually there is a tie; at the worst the handicap is reduced to a small margin.

Dynamics of Shooting

OPINIONS are divided as to whether shooting ranks as one of the strenuous sports. Certainly, with every shot fired the gun-handler must himself contribute some of the "marvellously quick" action that used to be the catch-word of what is still the most popular powder. True, the quickest bird is slow compared with the overtaking speed of the shot. But in order that No. 6 or No. 7 shall reach the right spot at the right moment, the shooter must be very lively about mounting and swinging his gun. And these actions cannot be performed without an equally quick brain to direct them. Take into account the wear and tear of sustained alertness, the nervous energy expended, the calls on instant decision and action; finally, the actual muscular effort involved, and nobody who has attained proficiency will treat even a marvellously quick powder as the predominant partner. Then there is the recoil and the bang. A boxer receives credit for taking punishment without losing the power of attack; a shooter who takes a recoil punch of 25 foot-pounds is not exactly being tickled with a feather. Repeated two hundred times in a day, the total of two foot-tons is reached.

There are but Twenty Days

SHOOTING is seldom or never an absorbing all-time occupation. An ideal programme for a busy man is about two days a fortnight, making some twenty-odd days in the season. One day a week is, for most, too much of a tie; it prevents accepting invitations to shoot elsewhere; moreover, on one piece of ground such continuous disturbance is bad not only for the game but it interferes with keepering duties.

No Charm Can Tame

WE can take all credit for maintaining in a densely populated country a head of really wild game which is the envy, for instance, of our cousins in America. Abroad, all or most of the game is what the lawyers term feræ naturæ; yet both at home and abroad its habits have to be known and much effort expended in getting on to terms with it. At home sport is costly, abroad it ranks as one of the chief compensations for having to seek a livelihood in tropical climes. In spite of all differences in locale, the gun which has been evolved for use on the moors, in the fields, and at the covert-side is far and away the best for use abroad. When world conditions are anything like normal, our gun-makers profit accordingly.

Scotland in August

WHEN the London season has withered, when a million roofs distil hot air, to be compounded with dust and fumes, obviously the natural refuge is up North, where the sun is never too hot and the air seems full of bees and honey. Shooting is the peg on which this migration depends, its ostensible object, yet only the centre-piece of the banquet, not the banquet itself. Just why Scotland has annexed the grouse as its own exclusive property is sometimes a matter for wonder. Yorkshire and its neighbouring counties admittedly don't advertise. Perhaps the explanation is that some return migration is necessary to balance the many Scotsmen who come South.

Pebbles from the Beach

PARTRIDGES, of course, don't make a holiday. Their chief mission in life is to make one watch the weather from mid-June onwards with the same terror of storms as Mademoiselle decked out in the latest creation. In medium to good seasons, they remain our premier bird. But it is a terrible worry, and, what is worse, those who write

(*Continued on page 184*)

The Midland Counties Lawn Tennis

H. K. Lester, the "court jester"

T. R. Lunt, of the tournament committee

Dr. J. A. Clayton, the oldest competitor

M. J. G. Ritchie and W. A. Ingram, who were winners of the veterans' doubles

Mary Heeley, whose partner was Borotra

Jean Borotra, in merry mood

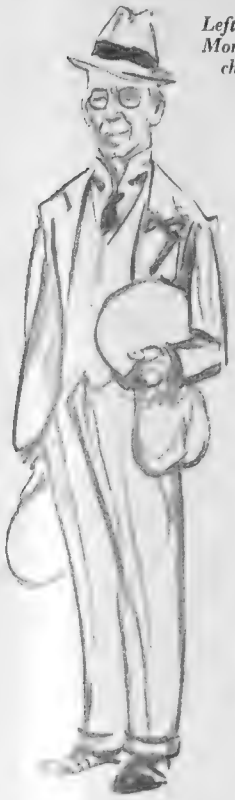
Right: C. Hare, playing after having Wimbledon throat

R. C. L'E Burges, with his "short long-'uns"

Right: Howard Todd, the Captain of the Club, after many sleepless nights

Tournament at Edgbaston

By H. H. Harris



Left: H. H. Monckton, the chairman

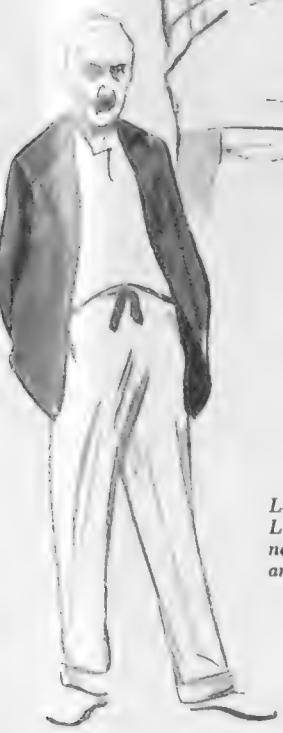
Guy Lea; and Pat Malins, who looks after the social side of the Edgbaston Club

Left: two kinds of smashes: Countess Szapary, winner of the women's singles, and A. Gentien, who was runner-up in the men's singles

G. Feeny, tournament committee

J. H. Sabin, vice-chairman, tournament committee

Mrs. Stanley Lunt, the ladies' captain



Left: Dr. F. A. L'E Burges, a notable veteran and vice-chairman

H. W. Payne, President of the Warwickshire L.T.A.

Colonel R. A. Broderick, of the tournament committee, and the chairman of the Edgbaston Club

A. C. Griffiths, late chairman of the L.T.A.

Lieut.-Col. C. G. M. Plumer, secretary of the Edgbaston L.T.C.

Golf Clubs at Home

The Open Meeting for the Allan Lawrie Trophy at Bramshott

(1) R. G. Cookson, secretary, Colonel MacLean and E. Greensmith, ex-captain, and the oldest member. (2) T. S. Derbyshire (Committee). (3) C. Spencer Wilmott (Committee) and R. V. Callander. (4) J. Craddock, a visitor, and T. M. Burgess (Bramshott). (5) L. Moxey, C. E. Sledmere, and L. G. Callingham (Committee) (6) J. G. S. Baker and E. B. T. Jenkins. (7) I. R. Patey and H. Martin Row, both visitors. (8) A. D. Millar, captain of the Club, and Major P. H. Slater

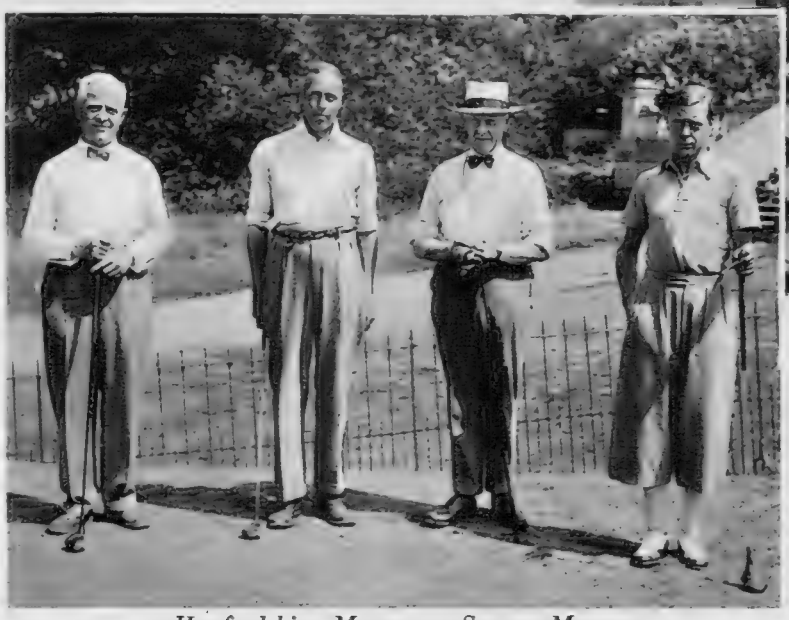
THE Allan Lawrie Trophy competition, for players of 10 handicap and under, was won, out of an entry of over seventy, by W. T. Dunn (Coombe Hill). A. D. Miller, the popular captain of Bramshott, is one of the very few Americans to hold this office in an English club

The Tiger Who Practised

A Short Sermon for Golfers

By F. G. L. Fairlie

Right: W. J. Wells (Herts), T. S. Garrett (Herts), J. F. Wood (Surrey), and G. W. Whitehead (Herts) in the Hertfordshire Masonic Sports Association Inter-Provincial Match (Herts v. Surrey) which was played at Moor Park



Hertfordshire Masons v. Surrey Masons

Left: Lieut.-Colonel Mann and Mr. C. J. Parsons, Provincial Grand Secretaries, respectively, of Surrey and Herts, Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, Provincial Grand Master of Herts, and the Prince of Wales, Provincial Grand Master of Surrey

I MAKE no apology for repeating a story which may be old to some of you, for it has a moral.

A big-game hunter went out big-game hunting into the jungle all by himself, and when nightfall came he found himself in a very pleasant little clearing suitable for the pitching of his camp; so, with some difficulty (for he was not very expert), he erected his tent, lit his fire, and cooked his supper. It was a lovely evening, and when he had finished his meal he cast discretion to the winds and wandered out into the clearing, quite forgetting to take with him any weapon with which to defend himself should one of the normal inhabitants of the jungle take a fancy to him. He was startled when, some thirty yards away from his tent, he saw an enormous tiger staring at him with an expression which left no doubt at all as to its intentions. The big-game hunter realised that his only chance was to face the tiger and wait for events, when he might be able to manœuvre himself back to his tent. So he stood there—tensely expectant.

The tiger, perhaps a little over-confident, suddenly leapt at him, but the big-game hunter had been a fine Rugby football player in his youth, and side-stepped with ease. While the tiger was recovering himself from his leap, the big-game hunter hurriedly made a dash for his tent, found his rifle, and returned carefully to the scene of the encounter, in the hope of settling the matter once and for all.

He was startled to see the tiger practising low jumps.

Now this story may seem to you to have no bearing on golf whatsoever, except entirely superficially in the use of the word "tiger." But it teaches several lessons to the golfer, the principal of which are (a) never go out unprepared; and its corollary (b) the best way of being prepared for any future encounter is to practise and thus perfect any failings which have crept into your game. The tiger in the story realised that, entirely through too high a jump, he had failed to achieve his object. He therefore set about making perfect by practice that part of his game which had let him down with regard to the big-game hunter, and by this action that tiger gave a magnificent example to all golfing tigers of the present day.

NOW you may have noticed, if you read the sporting pages of the various periodicals that reach your home, that Great Britain is enjoying a very successful sporting year. Not only has Henry Cotton won our Open Championship from the Americans, for the first time in goodness knows how long, but also Fred Perry has won the Wimbledon Championship; Miss Pam Barton has won the French Ladies' Championship; Miss Dorothy Round has won the Ladies' Championship at Wimbledon; we are the holders of the Davis Cup, and countless other events have come our way, although those that I have mentioned—with the possible exception of the French Ladies' Championship—have usually been triumphs for other nations, at any rate since the war.

YOU may be asking yourselves why it is that we have suddenly come into our own again, and the answer, very definitely, is the answer which that tiger would give you if you asked him. All these people who have triumphed so successfully are people who understand the value of practice. In golf we are, in this country, so priggishly proud of the fact that we play all our games for pleasure and do not make a business of it, that the inclination has been to laugh in a most derogatory fashion at those amongst our friends who may prefer half-an-hour's practice after a round to the amenities of the bar. While there are, of course, two points of view, competition is so keen nowadays that half-an-hour on the practice-ground instead of in the club-house is definitely necessary for anyone, no matter how talented, if he is to compete successfully in open tournaments.

Henry Cotton is a perfect example, for he is a man who has risked unpopularity and all sorts of other unpleasantnesses in order to achieve his one great ambition—the winning of our Open Championship. Perry has given up a great deal to practise his tennis, and so has Miss Round. In other words, it is impossible to take any game seriously and not to practise. I am hoping that now that Henry Cotton has so deservedly achieved his ambition, others will realise that it is no good to enter for first-class events unless they are prepared to practise in the true sense of practice—which is not to go out and play a couple of rounds a day with one's friends, but to go out and play, say, one round, and then spend the rest of the day in perfecting those shots which have proved weak in that morning round. And never to omit that half-hour on the putting practice-green.

I HAVE constantly preached the value of practice on this page for over two years, and I make no excuse about it: practice is necessary if we are to retain that position in sport which we used to hold and which we are gradually regaining. The professionals who are playing professionals as opposed to teaching professionals (both are both, if you understand me, but every man must specialise in his particular bent), have a definite duty to their clubs and their public, and that is to make themselves as good at the game as they can. Henry Cotton has realised this, and no doubt there are a few others. But most of our leading professionals have failed to do themselves justice in big competitions when there is an American present, purely and simply because they have failed to do their duty in the matter of practice. I hope that Henry Cotton's example is going to instil in them a desire to do as he has done, and I am glad to notice that among his fellows, other members of his profession, there is less inclination to laugh at Henry Cotton now . . . *after* his success.

Cotton's example may inspire others to what is, after all, only their plain duty as playing professional golfers; and their duty to themselves as business men, for, after all, the rewards can be great. As to the amateurs . . . well, the lesson is still there . . . why not become a real tiger instead of just wallowing in mediocrity? Talent is not lacking, but application certainly is.

Sport with the Lid Off: By "Mark Over"

Below: Miss Irene Pezars, Mr. Gunter Hass, Miss Esme Pezars, and Mr. Alan Wilson at the R.A.F. lawn tennis championships, played at the West Side Country Club, Ealing

Mrs. T. W. Morten seeing her husband off in Sir Dercent Hall Caine's D.H. Leopard Moth in the preliminary heat of the King's Cup Air Race. Mr. Morten unluckily missed a turning-point in the final of the race and so was disqualified

Mr. J. K. Matthews and Mr. F. A. Scaramanga going out to open the batting for the Gentlemen of Sussex in their match against the Gentlemen of Kent, at Sevenoaks Bicentenary Cricket Week, which Sussex won by 21 runs

Not so many days ago I was down at Portsmouth, taking a look at Endeavour, the all-steel yacht with which Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith is to make a bid to lift the America's Cup—the trophy that has proved so elusive to British yachtsmen—from the United States. And what a bonny boat is this latest challenger for the Cup; she's a little poem, a triumph of craftsmanship, and I can well imagine that Charles Nicholson, who created her, must feel pretty proud of his handiwork.

And those in the know tell me that before very long Nicholson will have even more reason for being proud of Endeavour. For, according to the experts, never has a yacht left England with a better chance of bringing back the America's Cup. In her trials she has shown her heels to the other big yachts, and as things are just now she has a definite chance of showing the American defender the way home.

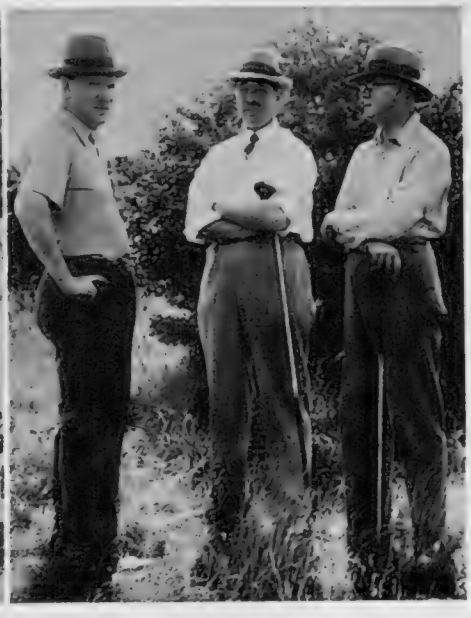
Endeavour's owner is a yachtsman in the Sir Thomas Lipton tradition, a real, good sportsman. Mr. Sopwith has shown how he can deal with a difficult situation, in the way he dealt with the strike among the crew of Endeavour.

It was pretty hard on him to have the crew demanding more money only a week before Endeavour was due to cross the Atlantic. They thought they 'd timed it nicely, I suppose. But Sopwith showed 'em what stuff he was made of—and now Endeavour has set out across "the herring pond."

Since the late Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock was beaten by Enterprise four years ago, there has been a general levelling-up—or down, if you like—between defender and challenger. The American yachting authorities have fallen into line with many of our ideas; indeed, as things stand now, the defender will no more be a racing freak, as was Enterprise.

Enterprise, you may remember, was very much of a machine—a chunk of modern America, oozing efficiency and patent gadgets from bilge to her burgee. Her crew was trained down to the minute; why, they even did physical jerks each morning to keep in fighting trim, while each man had a definite job to do, robot-style. But with the adoption of a universal rule, the latest defender, whether she be

(Continued on page vii)



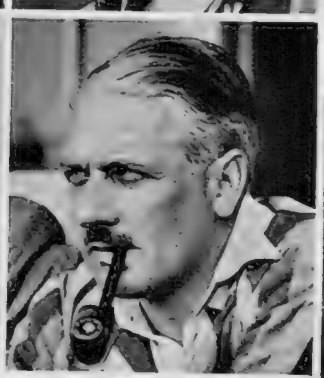
Left to right: E. B. Pagden and Dr. Murray, L.M.D., both of South Africa; R. H. Hollis and J. M. Venters, of Shanghai; D. S. Leech (South Africa), W. L. Reid (Natal) and A. B. Stirk (South Africa). The Lucifer Empire Trophy was won by an Australian, H. A. Parker

The Lucifer Golf Society at Walton Heath

Extreme left: R. C. Watson and J. A. Nunn go out to bat for Free Foresters in their match at Porters Park against the Dutch touring team

Left: A. P. F. Chapman, F. T. Mann, Mrs. G. E. V. Crutchley (formerly Miss Betty Spottiswoode), and the Hon. F. S. Gough-Calthorpe

J. H. A. Tanner, R. V. Bardsley, and A. P. Tanner in the pavilion during the Free Foresters' innings



Above, left: H. C. W. Schnitger and L. J. Sodderland, both De Flamingoes. Above, right: H. S. H. Gilner, and Captain K. B. Stanley at the scorer's table

A Dutch Team in England

De Flamingoes Play Free Foresters at Porters Park, Herts

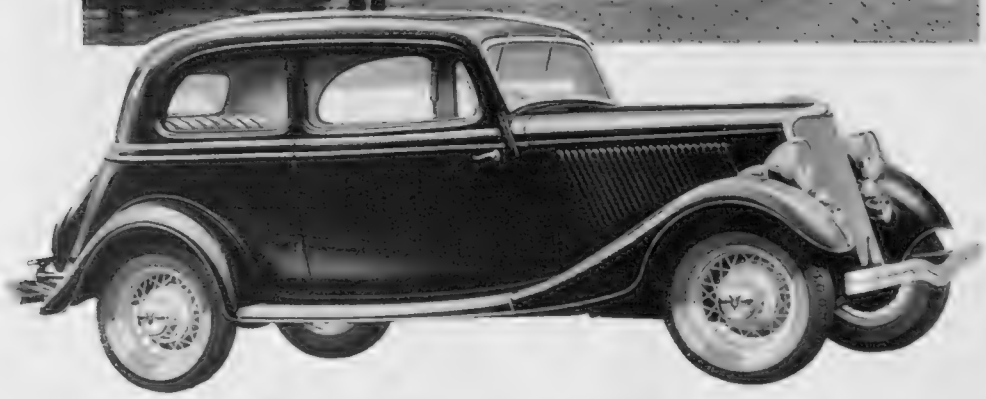
De Flamingoes Going Out to Field

Left: the Prince of Wales with some of the Ford officials who conducted him round the Ford Works at Dagenham, Essex, the largest motor vehicle manufactory in the British Empire

"Good Value" in Motor-Cars

—*As Interpreted by the Ford Co. A Guaranteed New Engine "While You Wait"*

By The Earl of Cardigan



The Ford "V-8." Victoria Coupé

Interior of the "V-8"

I THINK there is no doubt that the 1934 motorist, when he buys a car, can safely congratulate himself on obtaining first-rate value for money in his initial outlay. The sort of car which now costs £200, £300 or £400 is something infinitely superior to what one could expect for the same amount of money a few years ago. Both in performance and in comfort, the advance has been astonishingly rapid and far-reaching.

Listening to the conversation of other motorists, however, I gather the impression that there is rather less general satisfaction after the first year or two of ownership. I recently heard of a man who took his small car back to the dealers after about 25,000 miles for a general overhaul. The work was done; but the improvement in performance was much less definite than he had anticipated. It finally transpired that a really efficient job could not be made of it unless he was prepared to have the cylinders re-bored, and a complete set of over-size pistons fitted.

This man, who had always driven in a careful and reasonable manner, was naturally exceedingly indignant. He felt that his car had "let him down," and that, contrary to first impressions, it had not really given him good value.

Personally, knowing the type of car concerned, I was not very greatly surprised to hear all this. Our friend had bought a small sports model of the pronouncedly "buzz box" variety. He had driven it, as he said, at quite moderate road speeds, but with excessively high engine "revs." I am old-fashioned enough to believe that, even to-day, very high engine speeds, plus long-stroke engine construction, and minus highly expert maintenance, *must* result in some loss of reliability.

It must not be supposed that I consider all high-speed engines bad, or all low-speed engines good. No such general ruling can possibly be laid down. If an engine is of first-rate design, is constructed of first-rate material, and is at all times amply and correctly lubricated, it may run for years at very high speeds without giving trouble.

My point is that there are inherent dangers in the high-speed engine which the conscientious manufacturer must face. That I am not alone in so thinking is proved by the fact that a certain very successful firm has just begun to advertise, as one of the main attractions of its latest models, lower engine speeds and higher gearing. After years of ever-increasing "revs." and ever-lower gear ratios, this seems like an admission that the limit has been reached, and perhaps even, in some cases, over-stepped.

CURIOUSLY enough, one of the most striking of recent attempts to give the motorist better value *after* purchase comes from a quarter in which there has been singularly little cause for any criticism. The Ford Motor Company has never, so far as I am aware, indulged in very high "revs." On the contrary, its inclination has been mainly towards engines of substantial size, geared fairly high, and operating at moderate speeds. Moreover (or may I say "Hence"?) Ford engines generally enjoy an enviable reputation for long service.

It is the Ford Motor Company, none the less, which is responsible for a most interesting engine-exchange plan. The scheme, very briefly, is this.

The Ford owner buys a car, and continues running it until it has reached the stage at which its performance begins to fall off, and when the attentions of the local garage are not sufficient to rejuvenate it.

He can then obtain from the makers a reconditioned engine which has been practically rebuilt in the new Ford works at Dagenham. In a very few hours, this can be dropped into the chassis in place of his old engine, and he will then find himself equipped with what is virtually a brand-new power unit, capable of restoring all the lacking efficiency and liveliness.

Such a scheme must undoubtedly prove most attractive. There are no "snags" to it, for the cost is very moderate—less than the usual cost of a complete overhaul. Moreover, the reconditioned engine is given a six months' guarantee, which obviously could not be done unless its reliability and soundness were above suspicion.

There are, of course, many motorists who will feel that, when a car has got sufficiently far beyond its first youth, it is really more practical to let it go in part exchange for a new model. There are some who will even maintain that it "pays" them to buy a new car every year. This latter argument is a little difficult to substantiate—particularly nowadays when a set of good tyres may be expected to last considerably beyond the twelve months—but it has quite a number of protagonists amongst apparently hard-headed people.

ONE must certainly admit that the apostles of "use for a year and then change" have scored a definite point since the first cost of cars in general has been so much reduced. In this matter also, the Ford people have been among the leaders. It was Henry Ford, after all, who produced the first really inexpensive car; and now big price reductions have been made in regard to all models of the popular "V-8." A saloon model, for instance, now sells for as little as £220.

It is proverbially supposed to be impossible to please everyone; but here at least is a very genuine attempt to do so. As I see it, the Ford Company intends to cater both for those who wish to buy and exchange cars at genuinely moderate prices, and also for those who, having bought a car and taken a liking to it, wish to keep it in commission for a number of years with the minimum expense and worry.

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Gun Dogs
By R. Ward Binks

Above, left: "Springer Spaniel." Above right: "The Rise." Left: "Golden Retriever." Below, left: "Ch. Bramshaw Bob." These four aquatints are by Ward Binks, the well-known gun-dog artist. They are printed by hand in colour at one printing, a return to the methods used by Alken Pollard, and so on, a century ago. They are reproduced by permission of Arthur Greatorex, Ltd., 14, Grafton Street, W.1

(*Continued from page* 175)

about the partridge have of late years invented a new worry that does not exist. In season and out of season, the plaintive wail goes forth that in these days of tarred roads they are deprived of the grit necessary for masticating their food. Could anything be more absurd? A big industry has grown up for the getting of gravel, crushing, washing and grading it to the exact size for slipping into the gizzard. Every yard of tarred road in the country can show its bucketful of unfouled grit. Why not stick to coccidiosis? If that does not suffice there is ribbon development, poultry on the land, telephone wires, and always the weather.

Raging Impotence

WITH the increased attention that is being devoted to farming, the rabbit problem is becoming rather serious. The Ground Game Act sought to remedy the nuisance and, with its aid, the farmer has gradually got possession. Although admitting that every mature specimen has cost him ten shillings, he has utterly failed to keep them in check. When the game-preserver was responsible he not only skimmed off the top cream on the first-time-over occasion, but he pursued the survivors remorselessly when the catch no longer repaid the trouble. The farmer skims the cream, as one would expect, but he leaves an appalling breeding stock for his own undoing and to spoil the fences for partridge nesting. To get the last rabbit is the puzzle. Drastic measures! Yes, but what are they? Hard work is effective, but there is nobody to pay for it. Last, but not least, the latest propaganda insists that, in any case, the appliances must be certified humane.

Troubled Waters

DUCKS must be having a thin time just now with so much of their water non est, on account of the drought, and what remains margined with bungalows. No doubt our breeders will endeavour to produce a new strain that favours land in preference to water, or that will not be unduly shocked at finding its favourite basking-places occupied by prone humans in wondrous plumage that would make shell duck or Mandarin jealous. In times gone by we had on estates with hardly any water some of the very best of duck-shooting; then came an interfering Act of Parliament and reversion to a less-specialised stock. If resourcefulness be not dead a duck must be found that will cohabit with the human race now turned aquatic.

High Ambitions

THE coming season will see a good many guns in use of the modern light-weight style, with short barrels and general handiness to comply with the latest ideas. Such changes are all to the good. A bird is usually only as many feet high as it appears yards. Though we judge a gun's performance at forty yards, most of its routine work is done at little more than half the distance. A really distant bird is easy, provided you know where to point the barrels in order to hit it. A near bird is twice as difficult, because the gun has to be handled so rapidly to get on terms with it. Hence the effort to make the gun handier.

'Twere Well It Were Done Quickly

GROUSE are often so near when skimming a butt on the crest of a hill as to tempt the shooter to duck, so offering an extraordinarily difficult shot that only a handy gun and a handy man behind it can cope with. Partridges driven over the modern scrub fences are equally sudden in arrival and departure. The farming revival is applying Gillett methods to some favourite driving fences. The gun, as well as the shooter, must keep pace with these changes. Pheasants in coverts not too well trimmed also demand some very quick gun-work. We are told to swing, but the modern swing is so brief and so much part of the action of firing that an earlier generation would call it a snap. What with anticipation and the modern jerk way of firing, the whole process is conducted in the manner of a terrier snapping at a fly. No doubt the shortening of swing makes for better shooting, with diminished risk of swinging down the line. Not all pheasants flushed in covert dodge through the trees. Some climb aloft at ladder incline: these, the real rocketers, were considered the acme of sport in the days of flint-locks. The bird so called to-day flies as a rocket never did. In time a better word may be found for the bold-flying pheasant that moves like no other bird, saving, perhaps, the flighting duck and the occasional low-flying wood-pigeon.

A Fast-Flitting Meteor

THE developing quickness in shooting style is no doubt explained by the increasing use of clay birds for practice. At the schools they can deliver birds that flash by like a swallow and at first seem impossible to get. With a little coaching, and after gaining the right degree of readiness, they can be smashed to powder without any violent gymnastics. In sport there is the added preoccupation to avoid spoiling the game for table, but this merely means that aim must be so well under control that only head and neck are struck, the bulk of the charge passing in front.

Freeze Thy Young Blood

A DISADVANTAGE about motors for taking people to a shoot is that they are dumped right against the first stand without a chance to establish circulation for the day. Twenty minutes' wait while the beaters are getting round means firing the first shots with numbed fingers and a loosely-held gun. The result may be a bruised middle finger, perhaps with the skin broken and agony following each shot during the rest of the day. To open the proceedings with a brisk walk in line with the beaters is an idea worth considering, especially as there are few places where a little driving-in of this sort would not be beneficial.

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Left: Mr. J. E. Hirst and his guns starting for the butts after lunch, on the Meltham Moors

Below: gun-fitting at the West London Shooting Grounds, at West End, Greenford, Middlesex

Game Prospects for 1934

By Edgar Page

(Editor of "The Gamekeeper")

UP to the day of penning this contribution, all the conditions affecting stocks of game for the shooting season ahead have been, and are, in the main, excellent. Unless unforeseen troubles occur during this month and August, we shall see a bumper crop of grouse, partridges, and pheasants, and more hand-reared wild duck. Last season was one of the most successful shooting seasons for several years, and this coming one, in all probability, will excel it.

It is remarkable how many shooting men seem to ignore the fact that there is some relation between a game-egg in the spring and the bird they see off the muzzle of the gun in the autumn. Big estate owners and their estate agents, their head keepers, and secretaries of syndicate shoots, are naturally concerned as to the presence of stock birds, the production of eggs, the protection of nests, the destruction of vermin, and so forth. But there are hundreds of keen shooting men whose interest in game seems only to awaken on August 1st, and who lose an enormous amount of the pleasure associated with the preservation of game, as distinct from the mere shooting of it; that is, if their leisure admits of participating in that study. For instance, the past winter and spring have been remarkably open, the heather food-productive, and stocks good. What could have been more enjoyable than a couple of days on the moor late in May or early in June, under the guidance of a head keeper? Parties, of course, would be out of the question, but an

(*Continued on page* iv)

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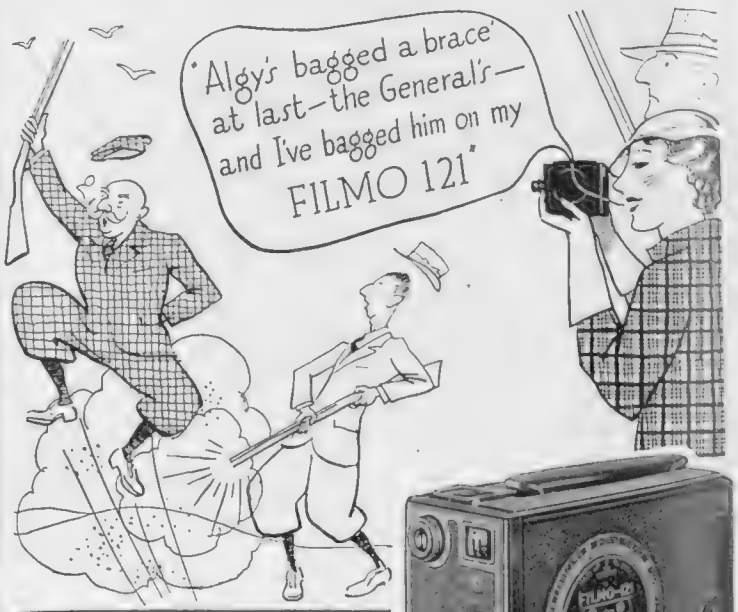

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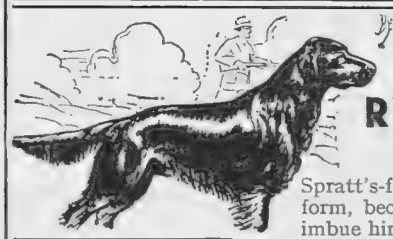

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Game Prospects for 1934

(Continued from page ii)

odd solo visit or two never resented. The environments of a moor in June carry a bird life seldom seen or heard in August or September, and the wild footways through the heather disclose facts of interest and appeal not found by the trodden pathways to the butts. Because of such visits this spring I have little fear for this year's stock of grouse, and my opinion is supported by very many recent reports from all over moorland Scotland and England.

To continue, there is a very large number of gentlemen and gentlemen-farmers (no unkind distinction intended) who own land of an acreage which does not demand the services of a full-time gamekeeper. There are great areas of land, ranging from fifty square miles to three hundred square miles, without a gamekeeper, and whereon game more or less has to take its chance. Yet those areas provide many a shoot, and many a good shoot at that. That that is so, is due to strict preservation in the past, to the immigration of excess game from preserved zones, and to the remarkable will-to-live of that wonderful bird the partridge. It is years since I have known partridge prospects so favourable, even on unkeepered areas, as they are at this moment of writing, but yet these same stocks might be four times as great if sportsmen could possibly devote some time during the spring to take an active interest in game preservation. That interest in itself, might excite the care which would lead to the saving of hundreds of nests, the prevention of much petty and thoughtless poaching, and to some reduction in the number of vermin. There are certain counties in which, through sheer neglect, game must ultimately dwindle to nil unless some combined action on the part of shooting men is initiated. Fortunately, the season ahead may, if it proves to be the success I anticipate, induce measures being started for the protection and increase of future stocks, for there is nothing like a good shooting season to reawaken the sportsman's interest in game. The large unkeepered areas mentioned above offer opportunities for the development of good shoots at moderate cost.

I am most pleased to find a renewed interest being taken in the improvement of coverts for both pheasants and partridges. The judicious improvement of coverts means better roosting accommodation for pheasants, more natural food for the birds, better flushing corners and higher birds for the guns. With the partridge, proper planting brings more and safer nesting accommodation, while hand-reared wild duck remain and increase where attention has been paid to the trees and shrubs bordering the ponds. For years on many estates the coverts have had to be neglected so much that they now fail to hold game. That period of enforced neglect has, I believe, passed; I have seen thousands of acres of timber being cleared or thinned, or renovated. This kind of work is going on here and there all over the country and must, in time, increase game stocks and give better sport.

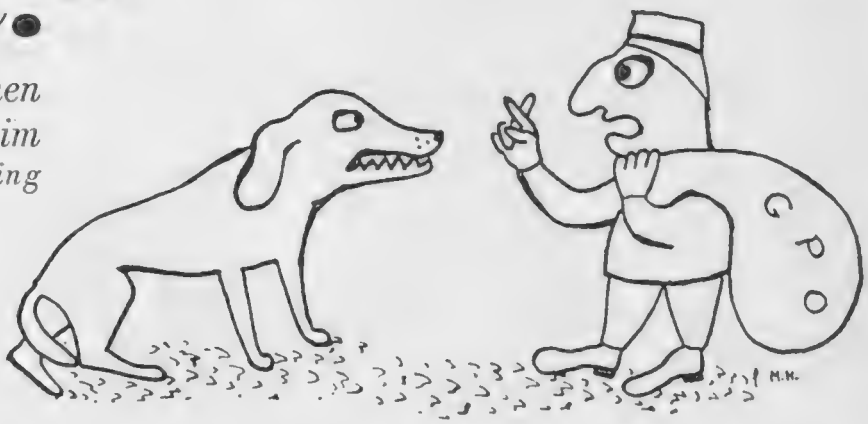
Counting over the bag after a drive over the Lenny Lodge Moors, near Callender, in Perthshire

Another item of great importance is the extended practice of hand-rearing a few broods of partridges. On all sides, far more care is being given to the safety and increase of this grand little game bird, and every clutch saved and reared improves prospects. It is now a well-known fact that partridges can be penned, mated, and fertile eggs produced, but such work at present is only possible by the expert. Shootings of all kinds have let more freely this year, and a sure sign of good expectations is the activity in the gun and cartridge trade; increased orders are being prepared for.

I have purposely avoided writing facts about snowstorms on the hills, early or late nests of either game bird, number of eggs hatched per nest, the state of wild pheasants, thunderstorms, crops, and so forth, and so on. All such details are of more interest to the gamekeeper and the ultra-game-preserver: still, if only in justice to my very many keeper friends who have willingly kept me informed of everything concerning the welfare of game, I should like to say that my optimistic views of the coming season are based on a knowledge of all such items: if the next few weeks bring no serious trouble to game life, we shall have a bumper crop of all game.

"P.P.C."

said the postman when the dog bit him meaning



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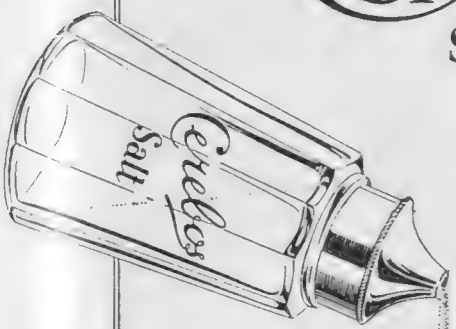

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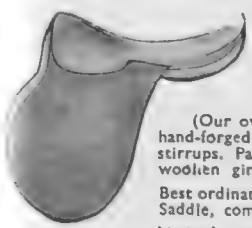

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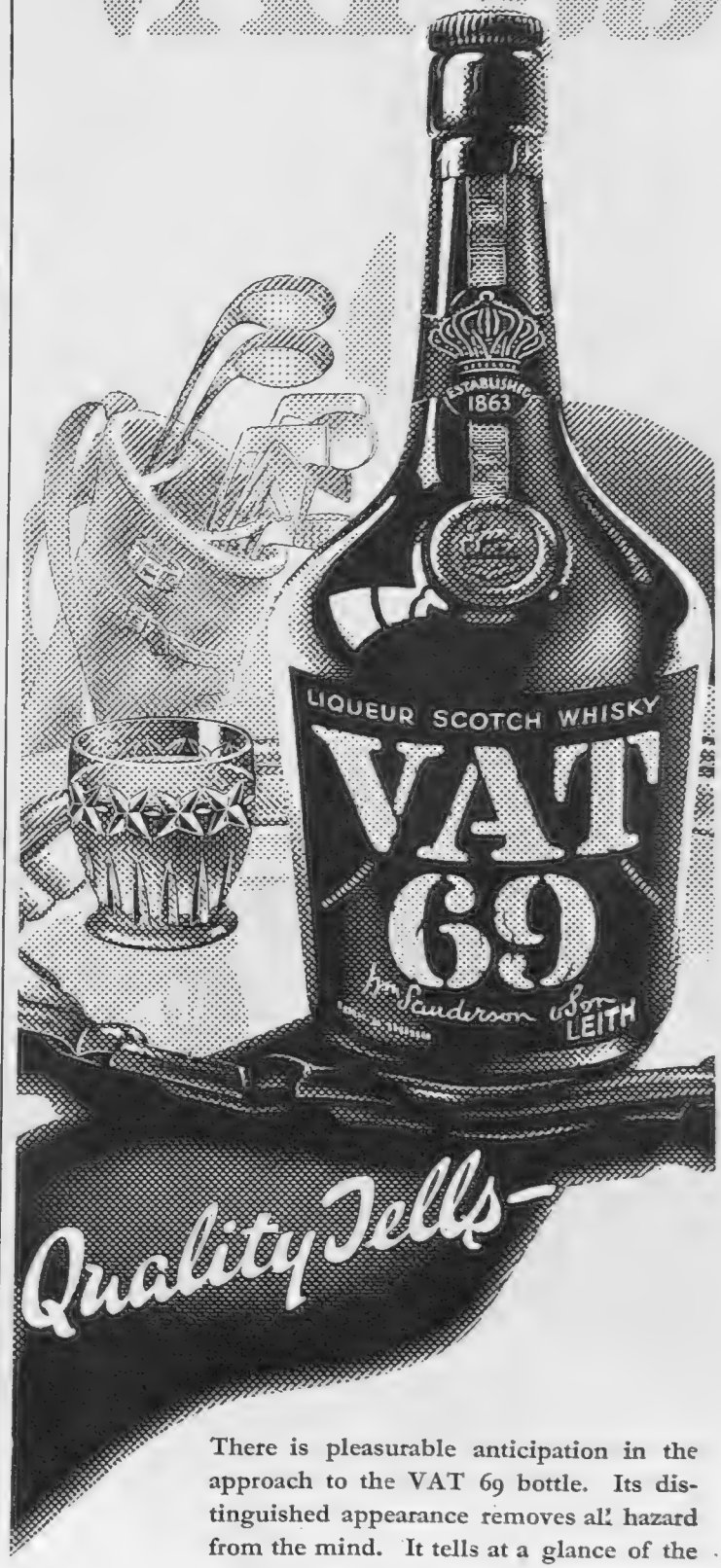

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Sport with the Lid Off *(Continued from page 180)*

Yankee or Rainbow, isn't so very different from Endeavour. For instance, under present conditions there is a definite minimum weight for the mast, thus the light-weight metal mast which was invented for Enterprise goes by the board. And, too, the challenger has to have a bathroom built into her—a seemingly unimportant condition until one remembers that it all helps to rule out the racing freak.

So conditions are pretty even, with, of course, the Americans just having the pull in regard to home waters and the mysteries thereof Endeavour's crew need cause no worries, for Messrs. C. A. Boardman, de Quincey and Belville, three of the "Corinthians," have been lending a hand in Shamrock through the present British season. A general tuning-up after the trans-Atlantic trip, and the challenger will be ready for the sterner test ahead.

And now to cricket, with an afterthought or two on the Eton and Harrow match at Lord's, which, as you all know, ended in yet another draw—the tenth in the last thirteen years. Now, I see that some folk are agitating for an extension of the fixture to make it a three-day affair; which, of course, would help to bring about a definite result. But I wonder whether the trouble lies so much in the fact that there are only a couple of days' play as in the stilted batting of some of the youngsters on view?

Frankly, some of the matches in recent years have been treated with too much solemnity. There have been grim, tight-lipped affairs in the best Lancashire v. Yorkshire tradition; indeed, but for the picturesque setting one could well have imagined that the play was at Bramall Lane on a Bank Holiday. Now, from twenty-two youngsters that certainly isn't the stuff to give us—and though victory, or the avoidance of a beating, means much to them, I 'm willing to lay that they 'd be better remembered by a glorious defeat than a drab draw.

By the way, there was a cunning bit of cricket going on at Sheffield the other day, with the Australians playing 'possum in the match with Yorkshire. They didn't play W. J. O'Reilly against the champions. The reason? Mainly, I think, that the men from "down under" thought Sutcliffe, Leyland, and the rest of Yorkshire's Test brigade should see as little of the Australian havoc-worker as possible.

Well, as a tactical move, and with the larger issue of the Tests ahead, it was justified, I suppose. But I can't help thinking what would happen were the idea carried on along more intensive lines—that is, with our county sides leaving out all likely Test candidates when meeting the Australians. I think those of us around the ring would have something to say about it; after all, we make the turnstiles click because we want to see the personalities of cricket in action, not because we are interested in a couple of sides lying doggo with both eyes on a Test Match.

As I said a week or so ago, Jack Lovelock was tuned right up when he carried off the mile title in the A.A.A. championships at the White City. We saw no trace of his knee injury, though, perhaps, his test was made less exacting by reason of the ca' canny tactics of the competitors. They all seemed to dislike getting the lead; indeed, as soon as one fellow got ahead his immediate anxiety was to fall back. So we had a slow sort of race till the last lap—and then Lovelock just went away with it.

Once again the championships revealed how bad is Britain when it comes to field events, and this despite the fact that there is a strenuous campaign going on to make our athletes "field-event-minded," as it were. Our one consolation was the fact that three Englishmen did over 12 feet in the pole vault.

However, I think in years to come we 'll not be far behind our rivals in field events, for we are bound to reap reward from the activities of those far-sceing folk who are organising the A.A.A. summer school at Loughborough College. The idea of this school is to give instruction in field events: Pierre Lewden, the Frenchman who won our high jump title in 1923, will be there, along with Armas Valste, the Finnish coach.

And now I find I have no more space left to write of Jack Doyle, and his plaint against British boxing—though I 've got a shrewd idea that the tall Irishman has not been rushing around for contests; of Britain's Davis Cup chance—though I still hold that we 'll be winners; or of the big things going on in the football world just now, in preparation for next season—though I 'll be writing of this ere long.

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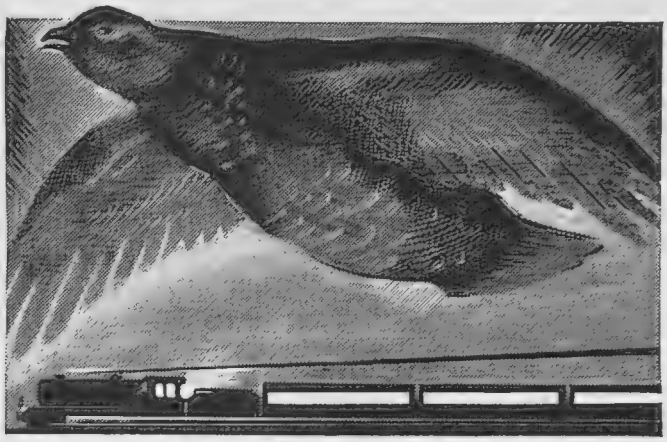

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WEEKDAYS

P.M.	
7.20 AB	"The Royal Highlander"—Perth, Boat of Garten, Inverness, Aberdeen.
7.30 AB	Oban.
7.40 AB	Stirling, Gleneagles, Dundee.
8.0 A	Dumfries, Stranraer Harbour, Turnberry.
9.25	Glasgow (On Saturdays, Third Class Sleeping Accommodation only).
10.50	Edinburgh, Stirling, Gleneagles, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness.
11.45	"Night Scot"—Glasgow.

A.M.	
12.30 DE	Dumfries, Kilmarnock, Glasgow.

SUNDAYS

P.M.	
7.20 B	"The Royal Highlander"—Perth, Boat of Garten, Inverness.
7.30 B	Stirling, Oban, Gleneagles, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen.
8.30	Dumfries, Stranraer, Turnberry.
9.30	Glasgow (Cent.).
10.50	Edinburgh, Stirling, Gleneagles, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Oban.
11.45	"Night Scot"—Glasgow.

NOTES: **A** *Saturdays excepted.* **B** *Dining Car Euston to Crewe.* **D** *Saturday nights and Sunday mornings excepted.* **E** *Sleeping Cars to Kilmarnock.*

FROM KING'S CROSS (L·N·E·R)

WEEKDAYS AND SUNDAYS

P.M.	
*7.25 R	"The Highlandman"—Edinburgh, Fort William (Breakfast car attached *en route*), Perth, Inverness.
*7.40 R	"The Aberdonian"—Edinburgh, Dundee, Aberdeen, Elgin, Lossiemouth.
†10.25	"The Night Scotsman"—Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen, Perth.
†10.35	Edinburgh, Glasgow. (North Berwick. First class only and on Friday nights only.)

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THE THEATRE

Plays

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Leslie Banks excellent as Clive, the man of adventure; Gillian Lind equally good as his wife, in a historical drama of action and power: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.—Elmer Rice's breathlessly energetic play, with Hugh Miller excellent as the Counsellor, Elspeth Duxbury as his secretary, and a cast that keeps going at top pace: Piccadilly, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

ESCAPE ME NEVER.—Elizabeth Bergner, victim of Sanger egotism in Margaret Kennedy's slender comedy, imbues her part with all the vitality, variety and inimitable gaiety and pathos of her personality and art: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Last week.

LIBEL!—A legal play that's as tense as most crook stuff, with Nigel Playfair and Leon M. Lion as the K.C.s, Malcolm Keen and Frances Doble: Playhouse, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.40.

LIVING DANGEROUSLY.—First-class entertainment, including a good trial scene with the Medical Council; Godfrey Tearle as the doctor-hero, Martin Walker as the villain, Carol Goodner as the wife: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE MAITLANDS.—John Gielgud is an unhappy schoolmaster, Stephen Haggard his pupil, Jack Hawkins the actor brother, Catherine Lacey the sister, and Dame May Whitty as the foolish mother in Ronald Mackenzie's uneven play about an English family of seaside dwellers: Wyndham's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MEN IN WHITE.—A vividly real and moving play about doctors at work; the story runs on the choice of a young surgeon (Robert Douglas) between his career and his fiancée (Jill Esmond); Lewis Casson admirable as a specialist and teacher: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

QUEEN OF SCOTS.—Gwen ffrangçon-Davies is charmingly wayward, but without fire, as Mary; Laurence Olivier too good-looking for the rough Bothwell, Glyn Byam-Shaw a petulant Darnley; this is history interestingly painted on a drawing-room canvas: New, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL.—Stratford-on-Avon. Nightly at 8. Matinées, Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SIXTEEN.—A play as delightfully acted as written, about a girl (Antoinette Cellier) who resents the marriage of her mother (Fabia Drake) to a second husband (Owen Nares): Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

TOUCH WOOD.—Ian Hunter as the middle-aged husband, Dorothy Hyson as the girl who gives him a glimpse of renewed youth, Marie Ney as the unselfish wife, in C. L. Anthony's comedy: Haymarket, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

HAPPY WEEK-END.—A musical farce, with nice tunes, and comedy-bubbles blown by the two Hungarians, Magda Kun and Steve Geray, and Louise Browne leading the English team: Duke of York's, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

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"The Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

MR. WHITTINGTON.—Musical comedy, with Jack Buchanan as its gay mainstay, and Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton, and Fred Emney as its further supports: Hippodrome, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PICCOLI.—Podrecca's famous marionettes: Royalty, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SPORTING LOVE.—A new, all-laughing success, with Stanley Lupino as king laughter-maker, Laddie Cliff as his dancing clown-chamberlain, and Vera Bryer, Jennie Dean, and Marjorie Brown as the girls: Gaiety, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?—Nelson Keys, Florence Desmond, and the Diamond Brothers are the high-lights of this star-ish revue: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ELIZABETH SLEEPS OUT.—A farce by Leslie Howard, with good players—Helen Haye, Frank Cellier, Maisie Darrell, and some more—in badly-chosen parts: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LABURNUM GROVE.—Edmund Gwenn as the family-man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery-comedy: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LINE ENGAGED.—A thriller by Jack de Leon and Jack Celestin, with Sam Livesey, Louise Hampton, and Viola Keats in the cast: Q Theatre.

THE PRIVATE ROAD.—John Tilley gloriously funny as an amorous ex-schoolmaster, Edwin Styles neatly humorous as his rival, Dorothy Dickson as the attractive rose between two thorns: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting back the clock nearly saved his skin; Bernard Lee has now taken Robert Douglas's part: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks carries the play by being his inimitable self as the gay grandfather who marries a young wife (Clair Luce); Julia Neilson excellent as his mother: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BALLET

BALLETS RUSSES DE MONTE CARLO.—All last year's favourites, with four new ballets as well, danced by Riabouchinska, Danilova, Baronova, Massine, Woizikovsky, and the rest; the L.P.O. plays, conducted by Kurtz and Dorati: Covent Garden, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CINEMAS

BABY, TAKE A BOW.—A drama of ex-convicts, with Shirley Temple, Claire Trevor, James Dunn, and Allan Dinehardt; and *How's Chances?*, a farce: Capitol.

THE BLUE ANGEL.—A revival of the film that made Marlene Dietrich, and in which Emil Jannings is at his greatest: Curzon.

EVERGREEN.—Jessie Matthews has her own part in the film version of C. B. Cochran's revue, with Sonnie Hale playing opposite: Marble Arch Pavilion.

HERE COMES THE GROOM.—A comedy of errors, played by Jack Haley, Mary Boland, Neil Hamilton, and Patricia Ellis: Plaza.

HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.—George Arliss in his finest part. This is Hollywood's answer to *The Private Life of Henry VIII.*: Tivoli.

THE HOUSE OF CONNELLY.—The screen version of Paul Green's novel is acted by Janet Gaynor and Lionel Barrymore in the leading parts: Regal.

MADAME DUBARRY.—A big part for Dolores del Rio, Reginald Owen plays Louis XV.: Carlton.

MAN OF ARAN and WINGS OVER EVEREST.—A good double "programme of reality": Polytechnic.

MIN AND BILL.—The famous Marie Dressler-Wallace Beery film revived, and doubled with *Private Lives*, starring Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery: Empire.

POIL DE CAROTTE.—Another excellent revival is the film in which Robert Lynen, the boy-actor, appears. Also René Clair's *Italian Straw Hat*, a brilliant comedy: Academy.

PRINCESS CHARMING.—A musical comedy, with Evelyn Laye as the charming Princess, Yvonne Arnaud and George Grossmith: New Gallery.

DANCING AND DINING

In London

BLUE TRAIN.—Evening dress in the restaurant, any dress in the grill; Billy Gerhardi's band plays for both; extension night, Tuesday.

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Pearl Rivers and some girls in a song-and-dance show; and Lepore, the Italian tenor; Reginald Foresythe and his band play: extension night, Friday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Dare Lea's band plays, and there's always a good cabaret.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Walsh and Barker entertain at the piano; Louis Simmonds and his band play for dancing: extension night, Wednesday.

CHATHAM GRILL.—Good food and good wine, with no music, for lunch, dinner, or supper: extension night, Tuesday.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—The Paradise Club Girls dance, with Sunny O'Dea and Marguerite and Leroy as stars; Jack Jackson's band plays. One can dine outside on the terrace: extension night, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The Grosvenor Gaieties dance and sing at dinner and supper; Moscheto's and Syd Lipton's bands: extension night, Thursday.

GROSVENOR GAIETIES BALL: Grosvenor House, July 25th.

MONSEIGNEUR.—Douglas Byng is again in residence every midnight; Jock Harris and Lew Stone play for dancing: extension night, Thursday.

PICCADILLY.—An all-dancing cabaret; Otto and Hugo, eccentrics; Clair Rowe and Clair, and Bobby Medlock: extension night, Friday.

QUAGLINO'S.—Fernande Saala, the Casino de Paris soubrette, is here; Van Straten plays for dancing: extension night, Wednesday.

ROMANO'S.—Authentically Bohemian; the cabaret is an all-dancing one.

(*Continued on page* E)

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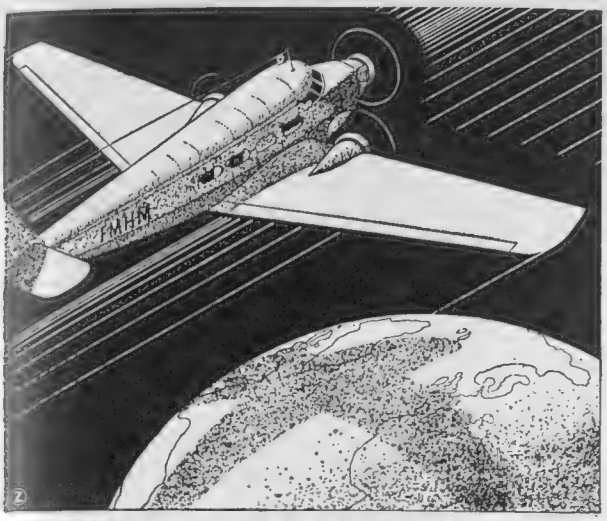

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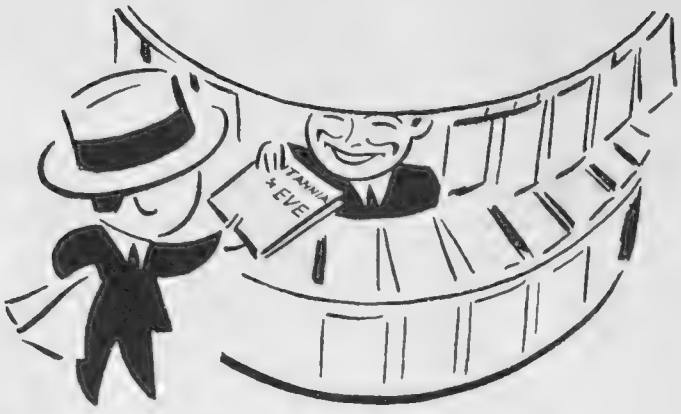

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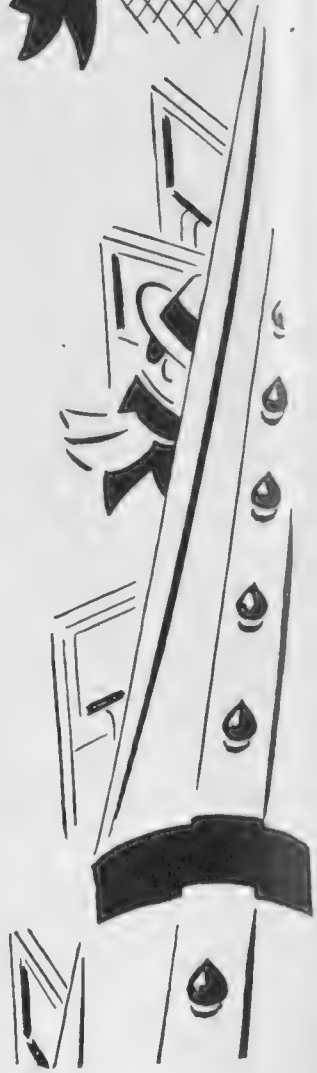

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What's On *(Continued from page B)*

DANCING AND DINING

Out of London

ACE OF SPADES, Kingston By-Pass.—Swimming all night: dancing till 3 a.m. to Percy Chandler's band: cabaret on Saturday.

ACE OF SPADES, Great West Road.—The new large swimming-pool is now open; restaurant

ANNE BOLEYN, on the left, over the bridge at Staines.—The restaurant is in a delightful old-world house; the swimming-bath is fitted with up-to-date filtration.

BELL HOUSE, Beaconsfield.—Swimming, sun-bathing, and dancing in the pleasant restaurant. Licensed till 11.30 p.m. on week-days.

GAY ADVENTURE, Esher.—Swimming in the sterilised and warmed pool; sun-bathing in the lovely garden; dancing to Tony Eldridge's band.

HAUTBOY HOTEL, Ockham, Surrey.—Old-world garden; good food in the unique dining-room; best cocktails on the road; no swimming.

HIND'S HEAD, Bray-on-Thames.—The food and wine are unique—a gourmet's dream—and "mine host," Barry Neame, has an eye on all the comforts of his guests.

HOWARD PARK, Aston Clinton, Bucks.—The old home of the Rothschilds: swimming, dancing on Saturday, riding, tennis, special arrangements for guests arriving by aeroplane.

MOORLANDS HOTEL, Hindhead.—Good food and service in peaceful surroundings; lovely position and wonderful air; no dancing or swimming.

SPINNING WHEEL, and St. Cross Hotel, Hoddesdon, Herts.—Beautiful grounds; the food is good; swimming, and the pool has specially filtered water.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

FLOWER SHOW: Horticultural Hall, July 24th-25th.

HERALDS' COMMEMORATIVE EXHIBITION, 1084-1934.—All about coats-of-arms, crests, and pedigrees: Heralds' College, Queen Victoria Street.

ROYAL ACADEMY: Burlington House.

SOCIETY OF GRAPHIC ART: Royal Institute Galleries, to July 30th.

NETHERLANDS EXHIBITION: Dorland Hall.

SPORT

CRICKET.—Gentlemen v. Players: Lord's July 25th-27th.

Australia v. Scotland: Edinburgh, July 27th.

TENNIS.—Davis Cup, Inter-Zone Final: Wimbledon, July 24th; Challenge Round: Wimbledon, July 28th, 30th, 31st.

GOLF.—Scottish Amateur Championship: St. Andrews.

POLO.—Hunt Challenge Cup: Ranelagh, to July 28th.

Cicero Challenge Cup: Hurlingham, to July 28th.

Hurlingham v. Roehampton: Roehampton, July 28th.

Junior Championship Final: Roehampton, July 28th.

RACING.—Hurst Park: July 27th-28th.

WATERMEN'S RACE, for Doggett's Coat and Badge: London Bridge to Chelsea Bridge, July 28th.

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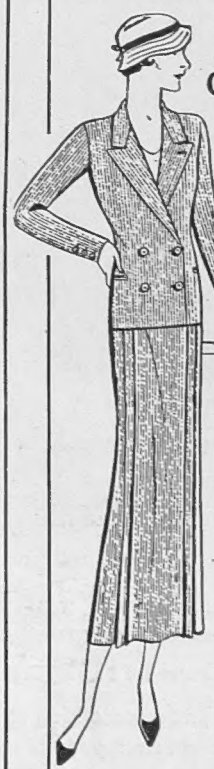

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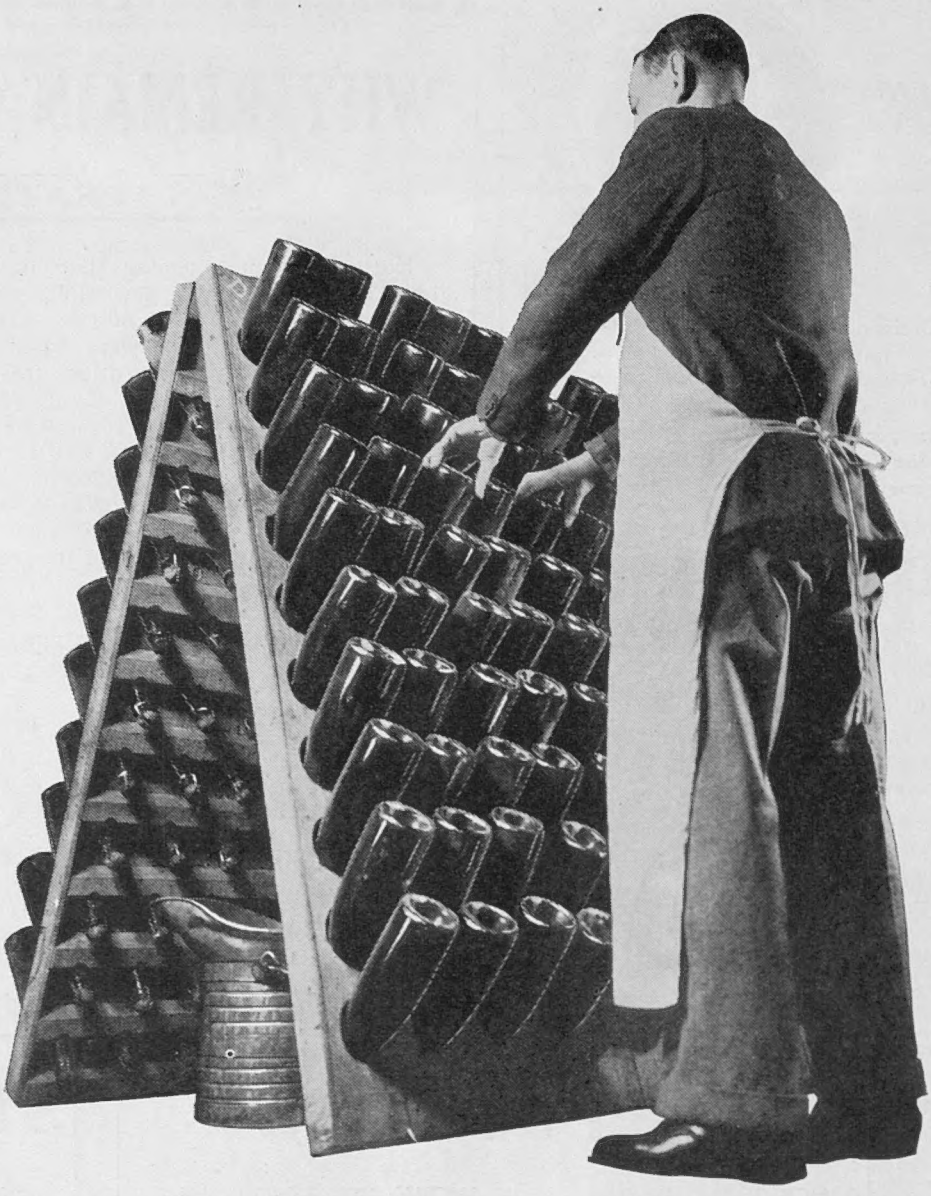

There may be one or two of your friends who haven't yet discovered Moussec. It would be a neighbourly act to introduce them.

Watch their appreciation as they sip and savour. Watch their astonishment when they learn that so fine a wine can cost so little. They may have believed that no wine of to-day was worthy to be mentioned with the great names. Now they'll realise that Moussec *is* a great name—a sparkling wine in the best tradition.

Those who know something of the celebrated méthode champenoise used in the making of Moussec are often curious to know how the authentic process can be successfully carried out (as it is) in this country.

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The illustration shows one single stage in this process . . . . . The ***rémuage sur pointes.***

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